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# RELIGIOUS ALLEGORIES:

BEING A SERIES OF

## EMBLEMATIC ENGRAVINGS,

WITH WRITTEN EXPLANATIONS, MISCELLANEOUS OBSER-  
VATIONS, AND RELIGIOUS REFLECTIONS,

DESIGNED TO ILLUSTRATE

## DIVINE TRUTH,

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE CARDINAL PRINCIPLES OF  
CHRISTIANITY.

*I have used similitudes.* Hosea, 12 chap. 10 v.

BY REV. WILLIAM HOLMES,  
MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL: AND  
JOHN W. BARBER,  
AUTHOR OF "THE ELEMENTS OF GENERAL HISTORY," ETC.

HENRY HOWE, PUBLISHER,  
111 MAIN-STREET,

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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## TO THE READER.

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It is now about two years since the Religious Emblems, a work by the Authors of the present publication, was first issued. The manner in which that work was received by the Christian public, has encouraged another effort of the same kind, which, it is believed, will be found equally worthy of attention.

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*Looking unto Jesus.* Heb. xii. 2.

### LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

AMID the world's vain pleasures, din and strife,  
 The Christian treads the upward path of life ;  
 Though sorely tempted to forsake the way,  
 He presses onward still from day to day ;  
 On worldly *honors* he with scorn looks down,  
 Content if he at last shall wear a crown ;

And worldly *wealth* without regret he leaves,  
He treasure has beyond the reach of thieves.  
The Syren *Pleasure* with voluptuous strain,  
Strives to ensnare him, but she strives in vain;  
His ear he closes to their idle noise,  
And hastens upward to celestial joys;  
At God's right hand he owns an ample store,  
Of joys substantial, lasting evermore;  
He looks to *Jesus*, his Almighty Friend,  
Nor fails at last to reach his journey's end.

THE Christian is here depicted making his way up the path of life. The wealth of this world is offered to him on condition that he will turn aside. He rejects the offer with disdain: he points upward, intimating that his treasure is in heaven. Honors are presented; these he despises also, content with the honor that comes from God. The votaries of sinful pleasures next address him; they promise all sorts of delights if he would stay and dwell with them. He closes his ear to their deceitful song: he looks upward to Jesus his Lord and his God, and taking up the song of an old pilgrim, he goes on his way singing:—

“Thou wilt show to me the path of life,  
“In thy presence is fulness of joy,  
“Pleasures at thy right hand for-evermore.

But what will not men in general do in order to obtain those very things which the Christian rejects with so much disdain? What have they not done? Answer, ye battle fields that have heard the dying groans of so many myriads! Answer, ye death beds that have listened to the lamentations of the votaries of pleasure! Answer, ye habitations of cruelty, where the life's blood of the victims of avarice oozes away from day to day, under the rod of the oppressor! And who or what is the Christian

that these things have no influence over him? Is he not a man? Yes; an altered man from what he was once; a new man. Old things have passed away. All things have become new. *He looks to Jesus.* Here is where his great strength lies. Here is the power by which he overcometh the world, even by looking to Jesus. Do you ask what is this looking to Jesus? What magic is there in this so powerful? Listen! Our sins have separated us from God, for "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Death temporal has passed upon all men, as the forerunner of eternal death, except we repent and be converted. But how shall we repent and be converted? How shall we guilty ones dare to approach the Holy God? He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. What shall we bring to gain his favor? Alas for our poverty if it were to be bought with money! Alas for our sinfulness if our own righteousness could have sufficed to recommend us to God! Alas for our impotence if we had been left unaided to descend Bethesda's Pool! Alas for our blindness if we had been left to ourselves to discover a door of Hope.

While in this plight Jesus comes to our relief. He brings a price—a righteousness—a strength—a light. He is the light of the world—the Sun of righteousness. He shines and dispels the gloom. O how cheering are His rays! As the beams of the morning give hope and consolation to the benighted traveler in some dreary wilderness, so does Jesus, the "day spring from on high," give light and hope to those who sit in "darkness, and in the shadow of death." The light of love and the hope of heaven. The path of duty is revealed, the promise of immortality is given. Do you ask yet again, what is meant by looking to Jesus? Again listen. The

exercise of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. This is what is meant. Man is made capable of confidence, of confidence in man. In this consists the charms of domestic felicity. A man without confidence in his race is an isolated being ; he is cut off from all the sympathies of his kind. Just so, man without confidence in God, is separated from him. He is in the world without God, and without Hope. Faith unites man to God. The Christian is a man of faith. He is united to God ; he walks by faith, he lives by faith. The life which he lives is a life of faith in the Son of God who loved him, and gave himself —O wondrous gift—for him.

*He looks to Jesus*, as unto an “offering for sin.” He receives it as a faithful saying, worthy of all acceptance, that “He hath made Him who knew no sin, to be a sin-offering for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.” That is, that we might be completely saved by Him. This is the ground of his rejoicing, that Jesus hath made “a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world,” since “he by the grace of God tasted death for every man.” He regards his sins as being of such a nature that nothing but the “precious blood of Christ” could avail to purge them away. Thus the man of God considers Jesus. He goes from strength to strength, making mention of his righteousness, who died for his sins, and rose again for his justification.

Such, however, is man’s nature, such are his wants, trials, and destiny, that the Lord Jesus Christ has for his sake assumed various offices and titles. Does man feel his helplessness, that he cannot of himself do anything that is good, he is invited to look from self to Jesus as the “Mighty God.” Look unto me, and be ye saved all ye ends of the earth,

for beside me there is no God. While others look at their own weakness, at the difficulties of the way, at the strength and number of their foes, the man of faith looks from these to Jesus. Is he tempted to think that after all he shall never see the King in his beauty? He may look to Jesus as his "Advocate" with the Father, who takes care of his interest in the court of heaven, and who is no less watchful over his affairs below. Does he need a subject calculated to fill his mind with mean ideas of self? he looks to Jesus as "*the wonderful*," wonderful indeed. God made man for man to die. In his birth, in his life, in his death, in his resurrection, and ascension, He is wonderful. In his character, in his operations, both of nature and of grace, in drawing, softening, sanctifying, and glorifying the believer, He is wonderful! O the depth both of the wisdom and the goodness of God!

Does he find the affairs of earth too intricate for him, and that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light? He looks to Jesus as "the Counsellor" who is able to guide the feet of his saints.

In the time of trouble the Christian looks to his counsellor and finds him a "very present help," and no expensive charges, or ruinous issues follow. He looks to Jesus as the Author or Beginner of Faith, who has called him to be a Christian, who has pointed out to him the proper path of duty, and who will at last award to him a crown of righteousness.

Painters, sculptors, and others have, in order to be perfect in their art, studied models of excellence. The Christian studies Jesus; he is his "model" or "example." Are his trials many? is his cross heavy? He considers Jesus who "endured the cross and despised the shame." Is he poor? "The Son

of man had no-where to lay his head." Is he rich? for the rich are also called ; he considers him "who was rich, and for our sakes become poor." Is he tempted with the glories of the present world? To the Savior "all the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them" were offered. Is he persecuted? He looks to Jesus on the cross and prays "Father forgive them." Thus he looks from earthly glory to that far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. From earthly possessions to that "inheritance that fadeth not away," and from earthly pleasures to those that are spiritual and eternal. Adopting the language of the poet, he looks unto Jesus as

" His all !  
 His theme, his inspiration, and his crown ;  
 His strength in age, his rise in low estate,  
 His soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth, his world,  
 His light in darkness, and his life in death,  
 His boast through time, bliss through eternity,  
 Eternity too short to sing his praise."

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" I send the joys of earth away ;  
 Away, ye tempters of the mind,  
 False as the smooth, deceitful sea,  
 And empty as the whistling wind.

Now to the shining realms above,  
 I stretch my hands and glance mine **eyes** ;  
 O for the pinions of a dove,  
 To bear me to the upper skies !

In vain the world accosts my ear,  
 And tempts my heart anew ;  
 I cannot buy your bliss so dear,  
 Nor part with heaven for you."

*Dr. Watts.*



*For we walk by faith, not by sight. 2 Cor. v. 7.*

#### WALKING BY FAITH.

The convert here turns on the world his back,  
And walks by faith along the narrow track ;  
Before him mists arise, and o'er his head  
Thick clouds of darkness roll, and round him spread,  
A bottomless abyss beneath extends,  
And still new danger to his pathway lends,

While ever and anon a lurid wreath  
Comes rising upward from the pit of death.  
Though all around him spreads the gloom of night,  
His footsteps sparkle with a brilliant light ;  
His Lamp—the Book of God—doth brightly shine,  
And pours upon his path a light divine.  
Between the murky columns as they rise,  
Sometimes he sees a palace in the skies ;  
His heart is cheered, nor death nor danger dreads,  
While circumspectly on his way he treads.  
Thus step by step, he walks the narrow road,  
Till at the end he finds himself with God.

HERE is depicted a man just starting from what appears to be solid ground, to walk upon a narrow plank, stretched across a deep gulph, and which ends nobody knows whither. Before him thick clouds of mist and vapor slowly but continually ascend from the gulph or pit, rolling clouds of pitchy blackness also ascend. They spread themselves around him ; in wreathy columns they stand before, and hide the future from his vision. Still he proceeds ; he is a wonder to many, who cannot tell what to make of it. The man himself, however, appears to know very well what he is doing. He holds in his hand a book which he reads as he goes along ; though it may seem to some unsafe, yet he finds it advantageous rather than otherwise. The book, he thinks, throws light upon his path ; now and then the wind blows the clouds of smoke a little on one side, and he beholds, apparently far off in the distance, a splendid mansion—this is the palace he has heard of ; it is thither the way leads, thither he would go.

The sight of the mansion above, whenever he is so fortunate as to behold it, inspires him with courage and fortitude ; he bears cheerfully his present labors and sufferings, and meets without fear any new foe. He walks onward step by step, looking well at

his footsteps ; at last he arrives at the end of his journey—this opens upon him quite abruptly. Suddenly he beholds right before him the mansion shining gloriously. He enters—he is made heartily welcome—he is amply repaid for all his labors and sufferings.

This may be considered as an allegorical representation of the Christian walking by faith through this world to the next ; the young Christian, when he embraces Christ, turns his back upon the world, its vanities, and sinful pleasures. He renounces it as an object of trust and hope ; he leads a new life ; he walks a new path. It is the path of Faith. He knows not what is before him in the present life, whether sickness or health, prosperity or adversity ; clouds of darkness, of temptation, and trouble, are sometimes made to arise in his path, by the enemy of his soul, to discourage him in the way he has chosen. Yet he pursues. The word of God is his constant, best companion—it is a light unto all his goings ; by it he cleanses his way ; though it occupies much of his time, so that many think it will prove his ruin, yet he finds it exceedingly helpful, nay he would not be without it for all the world.

In the midst of his labors and sufferings, he frequently enjoys rich foretastes of the happiness of heaven ; these are refreshing to his soul, strengthening and inspiring him with zeal for the Lord of hosts. His light afflictions he reckons are not worthy to be compared with the glory of which he has had an earnest. Not knowing what shall befall him from hour to hour, and from day to day, he goes forward trusting in God, to whom he has committed the keeping of all his concerns, soul and body, for time and eternity. By and by he finishes his course ; he has kept the faith, and an abundant entrance is adminis-

tered to him into the everlasting kingdom of Jesus Christ. The man who walks by sight, looks only at the things which are seen, and which, of course, are temporal. He looks at and regards the things of earth, as worthy of his esteem, of his love, of his labor, of his sufferings ; houses and lands, power and renown, and whatsoever tends to supply, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life—these are the objects to which he directs all his prayers, all his purposes, and all his toils—he lives for this, and if necessary he will die for it.

He puts faith in nobody. He will have bonds and seals and witnesses for all and in all his transactions He will not trust the Almighty with any of his concerns, but manages them all himself. He asks no favors at his hands ; if indeed he does at any time put up a petition to God, it is that he will ask nothing of him.

How different with the man of Faith. He sees the things of earth and knows their value. It is enough for him that they are temporal. He values them simply as they bear upon Eternity. He looks at the things that are not seen, which are eternal : his soul—and whatever tends to inform and purify it —his Savior, and whatever will advance his cause on the earth ; his God,—and what will glorify him : Heaven—and whatever will help him on his way thither : Hell—and what will enable him to escape it. He looks at man as a fellow traveler to Eternity —to the Judgment—puts a generous confidence in him and labors to benefit him temporally and spiritually. His thoughts, his words, his actions, are all regulated according to his eternal interest. A man must live before he can walk. So it is spiritually. He lives a life of faith in the Son of God. Hence it is not difficult to walk by faith. He is but a sojourner

here. His citizenship is in heaven. He is a denizen of immortality. Hence to him—

“ Faith lends its realizing light,  
“ The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,  
“ The Invisible appears in sight,  
“ And God is seen by mortal eye ;  
“ The things unknown to feeble sense,  
“ Unseen by reason’s glimmering ray,  
“ With strong commanding evidence,  
“ Their heavenly origin display.”

Faith is the foundation of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen. Faith becomes a foundation on which Hope builds her glorious temple of future happiness. The spies who brought an evil report of the land of Promise, walked by sight. They saw nothing beside the high walls ; the number of inhabitants ; the gigantic Anikim. Not so Joshua and Caleb. They saw only the promise, and the power of Jehovah, which they believed was sufficient to bring it to pass. While the former perished with those who believed not, they, walking by Faith, entered the goodly land and possessed it for an inheritance forever.

In the days of the Redeemer, there were some who saw only the Babe of Bethlehem—the Carpenter’s Son—the Nazarine—the Man of sorrows—the crucified Malefactor, and who dreamed of a temporal kingdom. These all walked by sight. Others beheld in him, the mighty God—the everlasting Father—the Prince of Peace—the Messiah—the desire of all nations—the Lamb of God—the Son of God—The King of Israel—who looked for a spiritual kingdom that would fill the whole earth, whose dominion should be forever and ever. These all walked by faith, and according to their faith even so was it done unto them.

By faith, the good old Simeon took up the child Jesus in his arms, and said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." By faith, the friends of the man sick of the palsy broke open the roof of the house, and lowered the sick man down into the midst where Jesus was, and experienced his salvation. By faith, Joseph of Arimathea, went to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus, and layed it in his own sepulchre, not doubting but that it would be raised again according to the scriptures. By faith, Paul, when brought before kings and princes of the earth, declared boldly the gospel of Christ and his hope in the resurrection of the dead. By faith, the disciples, who were in Jerusalem when it was encompassed by the Roman armies, left the city and fled to the mountains, and thus escaped punishment in the overthrow thereof. By faith, John Huss, and Jerome, of Prague, delivered their bodies to be burned, not accepting deliverance. By faith, Luther burnt the Bull of excommunication, and repaired to the city of Worms, not fearing the wrath of Pope, Emperor, or Devil. By faith, the Pilgrim Fathers braved the fury of the ocean and the violence of the savage, and planted a habitation for God in the wilderness, yea, a refuge for the children of men.

The time would fail to speak of Elliot and of Brainerd, of Martyn and of Carey, of Wilson and of Schwartz, of Wesley and of Whitefield, and of others whose names are recorded in heaven, who, through faith, unlocked the fountains of truth, broke down the barriers of opposition, subdued nations to faith of Christ, wrought righteousness, and preached to the poor the acceptable year of the Lord.



*Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. Ps. cxix.  
105. Ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark  
place. 2 Peter i, 19.*

#### THE SURE GUIDE.

ALONE, bewildered, and in pensive mood,  
A traveler wanders through a pathless wood;  
Forward he goes, then back, then round and round;  
And lists in vain to catch a friendly sound.  
Soon night o'ertakes him on her ebon car,  
Robed in thick darkness, without moon or star;  
No lonely light gleams through the misty air,  
And tremblingly he wanders in despair;

At length he sinks, and now for once he prays,  
And lo! a compass close beside him lays ;  
A light he gets and holds it at its side,  
That he may well consult the faithful guide ;  
Within his breast hope now exulting springs,  
And painful doubt, and fear away he flings ;  
But now false guides advance across his track ;  
One strives with speeches fair to turn him back ;  
Another bawls with bold and blust'ring shout :  
Here ! through this pleasant opening lies your route." "  
I tell you, says a third, it is not so ;  
This, and this only, is the way to go ;  
He shuns them all, and trims his light anew,  
And heeds his compass, and it guides him through.

An honest traveler having, on his way home, to pass through a lonely forest, loses his way. Bewildered, he knows not which way to turn. Now he goes forward ; now backward. Then after wandering about for some time, finds himself where he first starts from. He is discouraged ; he listens, hoping to catch from the whispering winds, some tidings of companionship or safety. 'T is all in vain. Thick mists now gather beneath the leafy canopy. The shadows of evening prevail, and night wraps the earth in her mantle of pitchy darkness. He gropes his way with fear and trembling ; he becomes exhausted ; hopeless and overcome, at last he sinks on the wet ground. For a while he muses. A thought strikes him—he will pray. He lifts up his hands in prayer, and as they fall again at his side, he feels a something. Behold ! it is a compass. Now he strikes a light, and looks with intense interest on his new found guide. Hope now swells his bosom ; he will again see his beloved home. Doubt and fear are thrown to the winds, and he springs up to pursue his journey.

As he moves forward with a light in one hand and compass in the other : several persons, attracted by the light, rush towards him and proffer their as-

sistance ; one pointing out an opening to the left, roomy and level withal, with many fair speeches and much earnestness, presses him to take it. Another pointing to the right, in a very confident manner, urges him to take that. It is smoother and less obstructed than the way ahead. The traveler, honest in his purpose of finding home, and relying upon his compass, rejects all their offers of advice. He trims his lamp afresh ; looks again at his guide, and following implicitly the way it directs, he gets out of the wood and arrives home in peace.

The lonely forest denotes this present world. The traveler, man ; home, happiness ; the compass, the Holy Bible ; the light, the Holy Spirit ; the false guides, those deceitful directors and false doctrines that abound in the world. The world, apart from the sacred light and holy influences of heaven, is dark, cheerless, and impenetrable. Through sin, the darkness of ignorance and the shadows of death prevail. "Darkness has covered the earth, and gross darkness the minds of the people."

Every where, snares and pitfalls abound ; dangers, pain, and death. With the desire of happiness strongly implanted in his bosom, man wanders in the midst of misery and uncertainty. What he is ; what he must do ; whither he is going ; he cannot tell. What is life ? what is death ? He knows not. He tastes of life with bitterness ; he approaches death with horror. If there is a God,—what is His character ? how shall he worship him ? If there be a state after death, what is its nature ? where is the place of its abode ?

In this state of distressing anxiety, he wanders on, pathless, guideless, lightless, hopeless—he is lost ! In the anguish of his soul, he exclaims, "Who will show me any good ?" "God, for ever blessed,"

hears his prayer. He has been tenderly watching him while in trackless mazes lost, and in His providence presents him with a BIBLE. He opens it—he reads. Wonderful Book! It tells him all about the darkness ; of what it is made, and how it came to overspread the earth. It tells too, of a sun, a glorious sun, that can disperse the gloom : who he is, and how he becomes the light of the world. It points out to him more distinctly than he ever saw, the snares and pitfalls, and the way to escape them. Wherefore pain, and how to endure it. Why the desire of happiness is implanted in the human breast, and how it may be gratified. It makes known to him, what he is ; what he ought to do ; where he is going, and what he may become. It tells him of life, and how to enjoy it : of death, and how to strip it of its terrors.

It reveals to him a God, tremendous in power, glorious in holiness, accurate in justice, infinite in love. The Almighty Maker and Ruler of the Universe. It prescribes the way in which He would be worshiped, through “Jesus Christ the Righteous.” The sacrifices He would accept, “a broken and a contrite heart ;” this is more acceptable to Him than

“ Arabia sacrificed  
And all her spicy mountains in a flame.”

The Bible reveals to him Futurity. It raises the curtain of the hidden world. Here he beholds the tormenting flame, the parched tongue, the useless prayer ; there, the glory of Paradise, the bliss of Heaven, the song of praise. It becomes to him just what he needs. He has found a way, a guide, a light, to happiness. Still, he understands its mighty truths but imperfectly, yet he reads on ; scales fall from his eyes ; he beholds men as trees walking. But the consolations of hope are his ; he has found God ; he

seeks for wisdom at its fount—for light at its source. “Open my eyes,” he prays, “that I may behold the wonders of thy Law.” Light celestial shines upon the sacred page ; he reads and understands enough for knowledge, enough for duty, and enough for happiness.

As soon as the honest inquirer after truth has discovered the right path, begins to walk in it, and lets his light shine, numerous false guides appear and proffer their services. While he was stumbling along in darkness and in ignorance, the devil gave himself no concern about him. Now he is very much interested in his welfare. He sends his servants to put the poor man right. One of these endeavors to dissuade him from using the Bible, for, says he, “it is full of mystery ; it is impossible to understand it. I, for one, will never believe what I can not understand. Follow reason, that is the surest guide.” “Indeed, friend,” replies the enlightened man, “it was by following reason that I was led into the possession of the Bible, and my Bible has led me to God. I acknowledge it is mysterious, wonderfully so ; yet it has led me right hitherto, and I am determined to follow it. The nature of its secret influence over my soul, I can not tell. The nature of the power by which it guides aright, under all circumstances of life, I know not. Neither does the mariner understand the power by which the compass operates, so beneficially under all circumstances ; of storm and calm, light and darkness, heat and cold. It is ever a sure guide. He believes in it ; he follows it. Were the sailor no more to weigh anchor and spread the flowing sail, until he understands the mysteries of the compass, verily, he would have to learn another trade, for ships would rot in harbor, commerce would cease, and intercourse between na-

tions come to an end. And what is worthy of remark, the common sailor boy understands just as much of the practical use of the compass, as the captain ; cease then to persuade me further. The Bible is my compass, my sure guide, I will follow it."

Other false directors of different names, but all of them having the same end in view, viz : to make him distrust his guide, and turn him out of the way, offer to him their services ; some press the matter one way, and some another. His reply to all is, " Where-withal shall a young man cleanse his way, but by taking heed thereto according to thy word."

Thus he believes in it practically, follows its directions implicitly, and it guides him safely by every slough of despond, over every mountain of difficulty, through every strait of distress, and every storm of tribulation, and conducts him at last in triumph to the home of the blessed.

"Take from the world the Bible, and you have taken the moral chart by which alone its population can be guided. Ignorant of the nature of God, and only guessing at their own immortality, the tens of thousands would be as mariners, tossed on a wide ocean, without a pole star and without a compass. The blue lights of the storm-fiend would burn ever in the shrouds ; and when the tornado of death rushed across the waters, there would be heard nothing but the shriek of the terrified, and the groan of the despairing. It were to mantle the earth with a more than Egyptian darkness ; it were to dry up the fountain of human happiness ; it were to take the tides from our waters, and leave them stagnant, and the stars from our heavens, and leave them in sackcloth ; and the verdure from our valleys, and leave them in barrenness ; it were to make the present all recklessness, and the future all hopelessness ; the maniac's revelry, and then the fiend's imprisonment ; if you could annihilate the precious volume which tells us of God and of Christ, and unveils immortality, and instructs in duty, and woos to glory. Such is the Bible. Prize ye it, and study it more and more. Prize it, as ye are immortal beings, for it guides to the New Jerusalem. Prize it, as ye are intellectual beings, for it "giveth light to the simple."



*Above all these things put on charity.* Col. iii. 14. *Love is the fulfilling of the law.* Rom. xiii. 10. *God is love.* I. John, iv. 8.

### CHARITY OR LOVE.

The seraph Charity from heaven descends,  
And o'er the world on shining pinions bends ;  
Round mourning mortals tender as a dove,  
She spreads her wing and soothes in tones of love ;  
Pours living balm into the wounded breast,  
And aids the beggar though in tatters drest ;  
The orphan's plaint she heeds, and widow's sigh,

And smiles away the tear from sorrow's eye.  
Like some fair fount that through the desert flows,  
Fringed with the myrtle and the Persian rose,  
She scatters blessings all along her track,  
And hope and joy to want and woe brings back,  
And when the last faint sob is heard no more,  
Up to her native bowers again she'll soar.

Behold here a being of heavenly appearance. The light of love irradiates her brow; her eyes melt with tenderness; her countenance wears the aspect of benevolence; her heart bleeds with sympathy; her hands are strong to save; the commisserating Angel has come from a far distant part; on the wings of love and compassion she has come; she has left all to succor and to save the helpless, the wretched, and the lost.

See her at her Godlike work. In the foreground she is raising a miserable being in rags and tatters from a pit of mire and filth. With her right hand she is pouring the balm of life into the wounds of the dying. Look behind her; see the widow and the fatherless. They have come to bless her; with hearts gushing with grateful emotion they follow her with their praise; she has rescued them from the gripe of the oppressor; they were hungry and she fed them, naked and she clothed them, and their prayers like a cloud of incense go up to heaven in behalf of their compassionate friend. Before she leaves the district of pain, want and wretchedness, **CHARITY**, for that is her name, builds a house for the reception of the distressed; here she provides what is necessary, appoints her officers and attendants, leaves wholesome instructions, then amid the praises, thanksgivings and benedictions of those whom her love has blessed, she spreads again her wings and soars to her own abode, there to banquet on the remembrance of her deeds.

This engraving represents, first of all, the divine Charity of the ever blessed Redeemer. He left the glories and happiness of heaven to visit our diseased, our lost world. Beaming with love, melting with tenderness, filled with benevolence, on the wings of compassion he flew to our relief. How compassionate! how sympathizing! He becomes a slave himself that he may preach deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison doors to them which are bound, and that he might proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord. See Him at his work of mercy. The world is an aceldama, a vast Lazar house, a conquered province, subject to sin and death. He scatters health around him; he gives eyesight to the helpless blind; he bids the lame to walk; the hungry he fills with good things; the very dead he restores to life and joy. He beholds the weeping widow, and hastens to wipe away her tears. He visits the house of mourning and fills it with the song of praise.

Behold Him ascend the Mount of Blessing. He takes his seat; heavenly light shines around him; the majesty of holiness encircles his brow. Love, divine love, looks out from his wondrous eyes; the manna of wisdom drops from his lips; he assembles around him the poor—the mourners—the persecuted, and showers upon them the blessings of an endless life. He rescued the conquered province from the grasp of the foe; destroyed the power of death, and opened unto man the portals of immortal Life. “He wept that man might smile; he bled that man might never die; he seized our dreadful right, the load sustained, and hove the mountain from our guilty world.” He established his Church as an Hospital for the spiritually diseased; appointed his own ministers and officers; gave his own laws for the guidance thereof, and having perfected his work of Charity, he ascended

again to the mansions of bliss, there to see the effects "of the travail of his soul and be satisfied." As was the divine Founder, such is the religion he established. Christianity is a noble system of Charity. It teaches man to feel another's woe ; to seek another's good ; to breathe, instead of revenge, forgiveness and affection ; for the aged, the halt, the maimed and the blind, it erects asylums of comfort and repose ; for the suffering and the sick, Hospitals ; and above all, taking into account man's spiritual wants, man's deathless interests as a candidate for eternity, it provides temples for religious worship, where the ignorant may be instructed, the guilty pardoned, the polluted sanctified, and made meet for heaven. Other religions are a fable—a delusion—a shadow. Christianity is alone benevolent ; in its Founder, in its essence, and in its operations, intensely benevolent.

Infidelity, in all its appeals, professes Charity and benevolence. What have its apostles done to benefit mankind ? In what book are their "Acts" recorded ? To what lands have they carried the blessings of civilization ? what prisons have they opened ? what chains have they snapt asunder ? where are the tombs of their martyrs ? where the trophies of their success ? Infidelity is cruel, earthly, sensual and devilish. Witness its day of triumph in France. True, it opened the doors of the Bastile, but it was only to lead the inmates to the guillotine. It demolished the walls, but it was only to build out of the ruins thereof a hundred dungeons, if possible still more gloomy and terrible. The reign of Infidelity is the "reign of terror." "The infant comes into the world without a blessing, the aged leaves it without hope." The house of mercy is closed ; the book of mercy is burnt ; the ministers of mercy are slaughtered ; the God of mercy is banished ; yea, a watch is set upon

the tomb that the dead may rise no more. Infidelity

“ like Samson in his wrath,  
Plucking the pillars that support the world,  
Fair Charity in ruins lies entombed.  
“ *And midnight, universal midnight reigns.*”

As is the founder of Christianity, and as is Christianity itself, such also is the disciple ; he goes about doing good ; he is the Jordan in its fullness ; he, like the Nile, leaves behind him the seeds of a new creation ; he seeks out the helpless and the destitute ; he visits the widows and the fatherless in their affliction, and soothes and wipes away their tears ; he understands and appreciates the heaven-born sentiment, “ *It is more blessed to give than to receive.*” Hence, “ when the ear hears of him it blesses him, when the eye sees him it gives witness for him, and the blessing of him that was ready to perish comes upon him.”

The disciple however views man in his relation to both worlds, as possessing a deathless spirit ; as a candidate for eternity ; as an ignorant, helpless and guilty sinner, unholy and unclean, and yet redeemed by the blood of Christ. He will, as far as possible, instruct his ignorance and point him to the Savior. True Charity acts from motives of love to God as well as man. Hence ingratitude does not restrain him, nor opposition make him afraid. He lays up a foundation against the time to come ; and when he shall have sown the seeds of Benevolence here, he will reap a harvest of everlasting love ; for “ whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.”

“ True Charity, a plant divinely nursed,  
Yet by the love from which it rose at first,  
Thrives against hope, and, in the rudest scene,  
Storms but enliven its unfading green.  
Exuberant is the shadow it supplies.

Its fruits on earth, its growth above the skies,  
To look at him, who formed us and redeemed,  
So glorious now, though once so disesteemed,  
To see a God stretch forth his human hand,  
To uphold the boundless scenes of his command ;  
To recollect that in a form like ours,  
He bruised beneath his feet the infernal powers ;  
Captivity led captive, rose to claim  
The wreath he won so dearly in our name.  
Like him the soul, thus kindled from above,  
Spreads wide her arms of universal love ;  
And, still enlarged as she receives the grace,  
Includes creation in her close embrace."

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"Charity is placed at the head of all the Christian virtues by St. Paul, the ablest divine that ever graced a pulpit or wielded a pen. It is the sub-stratum of philanthropy, the brightest star in the Christian's diadem. It spurns the scrofula of green-eyed jealousy, the canker of tormenting envy, the tortures of burning malice, the typhoid of foaming revenge. It is an impartial mirror, set in the frame of love, resting on equity and justice. It is the foundation and cap stone of the climax of all the Christian graces—without it, our religion is like a body without a soul—our friendships, shadows of a shadow—our alms, the off-springs of pride, or, what is more detestable, the offerings of hypocrisy—our humanity, a mere iceberg on the ocean of time—we are unfit to discharge the duties of life, and derange the design of our creation. Wars and rumors of wars would cease—envy, jealousy, and revenge, would hide their diminished heads—falsehood, slander, and persecution would be unknown—sectarian walls, in matters of religion, would crumble in dust. Pure and undefiled religion would then be honored and glorified—primitive Christianity would stand forth, divested of the inventions of men, in all the majesty of its native loveliness—the victories of the cross would be rapidly achieved—and the bright day be ushered in, when Jesus shall rule, King of nations, as he now does King of saints."—*Probe.*



*Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall.* Prov. xvi. 18. *He giveth grace unto the lowly.* Prov. iii. 34.

### PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

Rising in fair proportion side by side,  
Behold the stages of Progressive *Pride*;  
*Respectability* begins the course;  
'T is his who has—all told—a well filled purse;  
High as his neighbor sure he'd like to feel,  
So takes the next step, and is quite *Genteel*;  
By many acts for which he'd fain write—blank,

He swells and struts at length a man of *Rank* ;  
The chair of state he next ascends, that *Fame*  
May faithfully transmit his *Honored* name ;  
He meets a rival here, and—woe to tell,  
He sends his rival in a trice to—hell ;  
A thousand shots like that, and strange to say,  
Right up to *Glory* he has won his way.  
Pride walks a thorny path ; it nothing bears  
But swords and pistols, blood, and groans, and tears.

Far different in the happy vale, behold  
*Humility* at ease, uncursed with gold ;  
With competence content, with wisdom blessed ;  
In peace he dwells, care-sing and caressed ;  
No thorns beset his path, there only grows  
The bending corn, the violet, and the rose ;  
Truth, beauty, innocence, at once combine,  
And o'er his pathway sheds a light divine ;  
And when he leaves the vale, to him 't is given,  
To walk amid the bowers of bliss in heaven.

This engraving shows a rude mass of rocks rising from the valley below. They appear to be thrown up by some volcanic explosion, or forced up by the agency of subterranean fires, they are so steep, rugged and unequal. On the tops of the ledges are seen bushes of thorns, high, and spreading in all directions. On the first ledge is a man who has scrambled up with some difficulty to the place he now occupies. His object is to get as high as he can, and he is seen about to place himself on the elevation of *Gentility*. On the next ridge is seen a man and woman, who appear to think a good deal of themselves. They strut and swell like peacocks, although behind and before danger threatens. A little higher see ! there is murder committed. One man has shot at, and killed his brother, just because he would not move faster out of his way, although there was room enough for both. At the end of the rocks and above all, is a man in uniform. He has attained the highest pinnacle. Thunder and lightning

attend his path ; storms gather round him. A man of thick skin, no doubt ; thorns could not scratch him, nor daggers pierce him, nor bullets kill him. His glory, however, is almost gone. The next step he takes he falls, and disappears.

A more pleasing picture presents itself to us below. A lovely vale opens enriched and adorned with the choicest of fruits and flowers of paradise ; there the fountains pour forth their living streams. The corn bends gracefully to the passing zephyr. The lowly violet rears her beauteous head in the friendly shade the rose of Sharon decks the border ; the father mother, and little one are seen walking together along this beautiful valley, with Wisdom for their guide. The air is filled with fragrance and sweet sounds ; no thorns grow there to obstruct their path ; no lightning's flash, nor thunder's roar, makes them afraid. Safe, peaceful and happy, they pass along, while Truth, Beauty, and Innocence, irradiate their pathway that leads directly to their own sequestered cottage.

This is an allegorical representation of Pride and Humility. The shelving rocks denote the rugged and thorny path of Pride. The way is raised by the agency of the devil. Having ruined himself by pride, he seeks to bring man into the same condemnation ; he tempts the children of men to walk on it. The Most High has planted it with thorns, made it difficult in order to deter men from walking on it. Notwithstanding this merciful precaution, it is crowded with adventurers. Nothing shows the fallen character of man, more than his silly and presumptuous pride, at once stupid and wicked.

“ Of all the causes which conspire to blind  
“ Man's erring judgment, and misguide his mind,  
“ What the weak head with strongest bias rules,  
“ Is *Pride*, the never-failing vice of fools ;

“ Whatever nature has in worth denied,  
“ She gives in large recruits of needful pride ;  
“ For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find  
“ What wants in blood and spirits, swelled with wind ;  
“ Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defense,  
“ And fills up all the mighty void of sense.”

A man becomes possessed of a little gold, and he all at once becomes blind, or at least he sees things in a very different light from what he did once. He himself is altogether another man. He wonders that he never before discovered his own merit. He no longer associates with his former friends ; Oh no ! they are not respectable. He wishes to be considered a gentleman ; he will no longer work ; he is above that. He sees his neighbor living in a higher style than he does, he is discontented. The thorns already begin to scratch him. Pride, however, can bear a little pain. Pride is very prolific. The man under its influence soon gets peevish, envious, and revengeful. The remonstrances of conscience are silenced, and he gives himself up to the guidance of Ambition.

He next aspires after *rank* and *fashion* ; but Pride is very expensive. In order to keep up appearances, he does many things that at one time, he would never have thought of doing. He can lie, and be very respectable. He can overreach and defraud his neighbor, and yet be respectable. He can seduce the innocent and unsuspecting, and destroy the happiness of entire families, and still be considered respectable. By his slanders he has ruined the reputation of more than one. By his unrighteous schemes he attains the present object of his proud heart, and moves among the circles of rank and fashion.

Yet his soul is restless. It is like the troubled sea ; he pants for Power. He pursues after honors, that the trump of fame may sound his name abroad,

and hand it down faithfully to posterity. He becomes now a candidate for high office. In his own opinion he possesses every qualification ; he is astonished that the world should be so blind to his many excellencies. He here meets with a competitor—he wishes him out of his way. "From pride comes contention ;" he picks a quarrel with his rival. The challenge succeeds ; the duel is fought, and his antagonist falls weltering in his blood. He triumphs. Ah ! unhappy man ! Remorse is his companion forever—the ghost of the murdered haunts him continually.

He is installed in office. He scruples at nothing that will but increase his power ; the man's pride knows no bounds—he aspires now after conquest and dominion. He will be a Hero ; he will attain the high pinnacle of military renown and glory. War, fearful, devastating war, goes before him ; Famine and Pestilence attend him ; Ruin and Misery follow close behind, but "Pride goeth before destruction !" There are others who wish him out of the way. A shot from his own ranks cuts him down. From his high elevation he is brought low. His glory is departed.

" Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,  
" From Macedonia's madman to the Swede ;  
" Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,  
" From dirt and seaweed as proud Venice rose ;  
" In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,  
" And all that raised the hero sunk the man."

The man with his family in the happy vale, represents *Humility*. The passions seldom operate alone ; humility begets contentment and peace. He is satisfied with the position God has given him. He has learned from the book of wisdom that happiness consists not in the abundance of things which a man

may possess ; hence contentment is his safe-guard. He has no desire to ascend the rugged path of pride ; he drinks wisdom and knowledge from the fountain of Truth—he quaffs pleasure at the springs of domestic bliss. His greatest treasure is a good conscience—his highest ambition to walk humbly with his God. Free from the consuming cares, the torturing desires, the fierce passions, the dreadful fears, and gnawing conscience of the man of Pride, he enjoys peace. He labors to discharge all the duties of his station, with an eye single, doing all to the glory of God. His present path is safe, peaceful and happy, and his hope of the future, blessed and glorious.

“ Far from the madding crowd’s ignoble strife,  
“ Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;  
“ Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,  
“ They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.”

Behold how great is the difference between Humility and Pride. Pride assumes an elevated position, and looks down with contempt on all beneath. Humility is content with a lowly seat, and mingles kindly with the brotherhood of man. Pride climbs a steep, dry, and rugged path, beset with thorns and briars. Humility walks the verdant vale amid rippling brooks, blushing corn, and flowers of vernal beauty. Pride occupies a dangerous place ; even nature contends against him. The thunder, the lightning, and the storm, encompass him about. Humility walks with nature, and her path is safe. Pride is tormented with cares, fears, and vain desires. Humility enjoys the peace of God that passeth understanding. Pride works all, and endures all, to be seen of dying men. Humility courts the eye only of the living God. The path of Pride leads to shame and everlasting contempt ; that of Humility to Honor, Glory, and Eternal Life.



*Whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall save it.* Luke ix. 24.—*He died for all.*—2 Cor. v. 15. *We ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.*—1 John, iii. 16,

#### THE SACRIFICE.

See here the Warriors on the battle-field,  
In dread array with gleaming spear and shield ;  
They rush together with the mighty roar  
Of stormy ocean on a rock-bound shore ;  
Shields strike on shields, helmets on helmets clash,  
In pools of purple gore the Legions splash.

From Latium's host the sound of triumph rings,  
And Victory guides them on her crimson wings;  
Then the brave Roman, fired with patriot zeal,  
His life devoted for his country's weal ;  
The victors then in dire amazement stood,  
As on he swept like a destroying flood ;  
His blood-stained sword through crest and corselet sank,  
Like Death's own angel, swift he strewed each rank :  
At length he fell,—and Rome's proud banner waved  
Its folds triumphant o'er a nation saved.

BEHOLD, here, the battle-field ; the warriors are seen arrayed in all the pompous circumstance of war. Armed with shield and javelin, they stand prepared for dreadful combat. See ! the ranks are broken ; one is seen rushing into the midst of the enemy—on he sweeps like a tornado—right and left he hurls the blood-stained spear ; he cuts his way through—the foe, astounded at his daring intrepidity, give back. Again they rally, and the hero falls covered with a hundred wounds ; he has, however, effected his object—the ranks are broken ; his comrades follow up the advantage thus gained—rushing into the breach they rout the foe, and soon victory sits perched upon their banner.

The Romans, being at one time engaged in battle against the Latins, the latter had the advantage, and victory was about to decide in their favor, when Publius Decius, observing how things went, fired with a generous zeal, determined to sacrifice his life for his country's welfare. He threw himself upon the ranks of the enemy, and after having committed great slaughter among them, fell, overwhelmed with wounds. His countrymen, inspired by his heroic example, rallied their forces, renewed the combat, fought with great bravery, and gained a complete victory. Decius left behind him a son, who in like manner sacrificed his life in a war with the Etruscans ; also, a

grandson who sacrificed himself in the war waged against Pyrrhus. His example influenced his countrymen down to the last of the Romans.

The hero sacrificing his life for his country's good, represents the Christian Missionary falling in the midst of heathen lands. The young man already belongs to the sacramental host ; devoutly attached to his Saviour, burning with zeal for his glory, he longs to do something to advance his kingdom on the earth. The two armies he knows are in the field ; long, fierce and bloody, has been the contest. O ! if he were permitted to turn the battle to the gate. That he may see distinctly the state of things, he ascends the mount of Vision ; in one direction he beholds Africa bleeding and prostrate beneath the powers of evil—he sees tribe waging against tribe bloody and cruel wars ; rivers run red with the blood of its slaughtered millions ; its mountains are crimsoned with human sacrifices ; its vallies resound with the wild yells of demon-worshippers. In Central Africa he sees forty millions ignorant, cruel and superstitious, covered with the blackness of night ; every where cruelty reigns rampant, enslaving and destroying millions of immortal souls ; and as he bends over this mass of woe, he thinks he hears Africa “weeping for her children” as she “stretches out her hands unto God.”

He turns his eyes in another direction, and he beholds China—vast, populous China : an infidel refinement, mixed with abominable vices prevails ; one vast chain binds them fast to the pictured idols of their own creating ; there they are ignorant of Jehovah, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent ; without hope in the world.

He ventures to look still further. Now he beholds the myriads of India crushed beneath a gigantic sys-

tem of error—the growth of ages. The rivers as they roll, the mountains as they rise, the vallies as they open, all proclaim the deep degradation of the people. “They have priests, but they are imposters and murderers; and altars—but they are stained with human blood; and objects of worship—but they sacrifice to devils and not to God. The countless mass is at worship—before the throne of Satan, glowing as with the heat of an infernal furnace—with rage, lust, and cruelty, for their religious emotions. He looks again; their demon-worship is over, but are they satisfied? How eager their looks! how objectless and restless their movements! how the living mass of misery heaves and surges, and groans and travails in pain together. He beholds them “as travellers into Eternity; how vast the procession they form, how close their ranks, how continuous the line, how constant and steady the advance! an angry cloud hangs over them—which moves as they move—and ever and anon emits a lurid flash; it is stored with the materials of judicial wrath. Thousands of them have reached the edge of a tremendous gulph—it is the gulph of perdition, and they are standing on the very brink. God of mercy, they are falling over. They are gone!”

Finally he looks at home; here, in his own beloved land, he sees millions of immortal souls, for whom Christ died, shut up in unbelief and ignorance. Slaves, doomed to labor in despair, and to die without hope.

“ From Greenland’s icy mountains,  
From India’s coral strand,  
Where Afric’s sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call him to deliver  
Their land from error’s chain.”

He hears the call ; it sinks deep into his heart. He burns to carry to Africa the tidings of the God of Love—to China the system of Eternal Truth—to India the sacrifice of the Son of God—to his oppressed countrymen the Liberty that maketh “free indeed.” Viewing the vast and deadly plague that desolates the earth, he longs to carry into the midst thereof the censer of incense, that the plague may be stayed, and spiritual health every where established. In the spirit of devotion he exclaims, “here am I, send me.”

“ My life and blood I here present,  
If for thy truth they may be spent.”

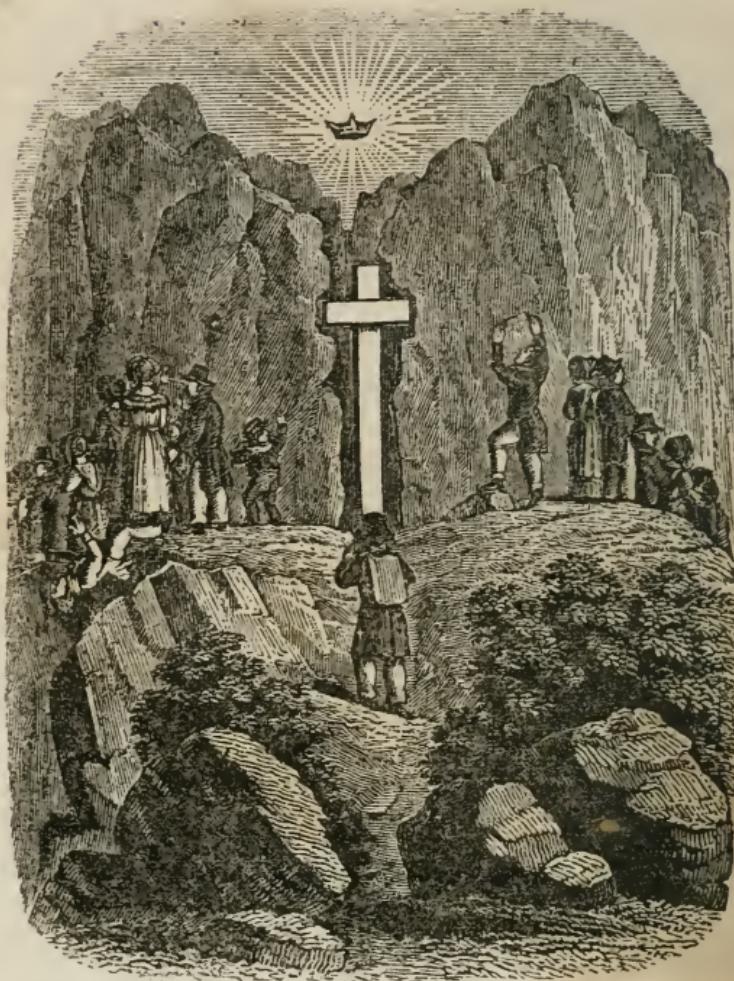
Now he selects his field of labor ; the tear of love and friendship bedews his cheek—the parting hand is given—the last farewell breaks from his trembling lips—he flies on the wings of the wind to meet the foe. Soon he is at the post of duty ; he flings the torch of heavenly love into the midst of midnight darkness ; powerfully he wields the sword of truth against gigantic forms of error. He wrestles with the man of sin and prevails ; the might of God is with him ; the enemy falls before him ; he takes possession of his strong places. The banner of Emmanuel opens its folds triumphant to the breeze ; soon the infant Church lifts up its voice, “ hosanna, hosanna in the highest.”

But in the struggle the Hero falls. Through the influence of the deadly climate, or through the deadlier passion of the ferocious natives, he falls. Far from home and friends he falls, and “unknelled and uncoffined” he is borne to the house appointed to all the living ; the earth closes over him ; not a stone tells where he lies ; but his object is effected, the seed is sown. The tree of Life is planted, whose

leaves shall be for the healing of a nation's curse. The nation that smote him by and by shall remember him whom they pierced, and mourn deeply because of the madness of their guilt. He is crowned with glory, honor, and immortality ; the brightest diadem in heaven's own gift is his ; he wears it as his due.

He has fallen, but like Samson, he slew more dying than when he was alive. The Temple of Error is overthrown, the tree of gospel liberty is watered by the blood of its martyrs ; thus has it ever been, from the time of the proto-martyr to him of Erromanga. Every stroke received is a victory gained, every death a triumph. The sacrificing spirit of the brave Roman lived in his immediate descendants and fired a whole nation with the love of heroic deeds ; it is so with the Christian Hero, and to much better purpose. Living he was located ; his sphere of usefulness was limited ; now he possesses a ubiquity of presence ; he is every where animating the Church of God by his example ; and she is animated—the spot where he fell becomes a recognized part of her possessions. Others rush forward and secure the prize. Every one of his wounds become more effective and eloquent than the mouth of the living orator, speaking through all time. Dying, he becomes an immortal, his very name becomes a watch-word—his deeds, a memorial unto all generations ; his heroic example, a glorious inheritance. If the offering of the widow's mites have constituted so rich a treasury to the Church, how much more shall the sacrifice of the Christian Hero open to her a mine of wealth, at once precious and inexhaustible.

“ ’T is now the time of strife and war,  
The contest sounds on every side ;  
Nations are bound to Satan's car,  
And who shall meet him in his pride ?  
Is there no arm his power to break ?  
Are there no hearts that deeply feel ?  
Sons of the kingdom ! rise, awake !  
Obey, at length, your Saviour's will.  
Go, bear the gospel banner forth,  
Its glittering web of light unroll,  
To gleam sublime from south to north,  
And scatter light from pole to pole.”



*Whosoever therefore, shall be ashamed of me—of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed.* Mark, viii. 38.

#### NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

See where the Cross of duty stands upright,  
 Above it, shines the Crown with radiant light ;  
 Right in the narrow way the Cross it stands,  
 And all the space completely it commands ;  
 On either side behold ! vast rocks arise,  
 Expand their width, and reach the topmost skies :

See numbers there, who fain the Crown w ald have,  
But will not touch the Cross, their souls to save ;  
They seek some other way, but 't will not do,  
They wander on, and find eternal woe.

But one is seen advancing right ahead.  
And like his Lord—the Cross he will not dread ;  
He takes it up—'t is feathers—nothing more—  
He travels onward faster than before ;  
He loves the Cross, nor ever lays it down,  
'Till he receives instead the starry Crown.

On a gently rising ground, a Cross of somewhat large dimensions is seen to stand erect ; above it, and suspended in the air, a bright Crown sparkles with a brilliant light. On both sides of the Cross rocks, vast and precipitous, lift up their tops to the heavens ; on either side they extend as far as the eye can reach. Many persons are seen going round the base of the mountain chain ; their object appears to be to get the Crown ; it is theirs, if they will but get it according to the condition proposed. They have been trying to go through the narrow passage, but the wooden cross blocks up the entrance ; they never think of moving that, although they try to climb the mountain barrier, which is much more difficult. See ! one is now attempting to ascend, but it is all in vain—there is no other way than through the chasin. Away they go, wandering round and round ; some are seen falling off a precipice, they are dashed to pieces ; others lose themselves among dark labyrinths, and some are torn to pieces by wild beasts. All come to a bad end—not one of them obtains the Crown.

One, however, is seen alone, marching up to the terrible Cross ; he walks with a firm step. Decision is his name ; he goes right up to the Cross, he quickly throws it down—it is only a few inches in the ground ; he takes it up, its weight is nothing, for

it is hollow. He carries it to the place appointed, lays it down, and receives the glittering Crown, and bears it away in triumph.

By the Cross here is signified religious duties; by the Crown—immortality in heaven; those who pass by the Cross and wander round the wall, represent those who think of heaven, but neglect duty; the man who boldly takes up the Cross—the faithful Christian. Many persons think about heaven, who, alas! will never arrive there; nay, they do more, they actually set out for it—perhaps make a profession of religion; they do not like the idea of being lost; submit to a partial reformation, and make an approach toward the performance of religious duties. They just obtain a sight of them, and they are frightened; this is the Cross. What is there in the Cross so dreadful? Let us see. Of all who present themselves as candidates for heaven, it is required that they *become* poor in spirit—humble as a little child—penitent for sin—“perfect and pure, as He is pure”—that they do deny self—crucify the flesh—mortify the body—subdue inordinate desires—set the affections on things above—hunger and thirst after righteousness—forgive enemies—submit to persecution for Christ’s sake—to exercise a constant watchfulness over themselves, and against the world and the devil. The hand, if it offends, must be cut off—the eye plucked out.

They are told of the straight gate—the narrow way—the yoke—the burden—the race—the warfare, etc. Yea, the whole man is to be brought under new influences, governed by new principles, and to live for new ends. Self-denial, self-discipline, and self-conquest, are made indispensable prerequisites for the kingdom of Heaven. This is the Cross, it stands in the path of life; to proceed, it must be em-

braced. Christ is "the way" to God. His atonement, example, doctrines, commandments—there is no other way, there can be no other—a wall of adamant, wide as earth, high as heaven, meets us in our attempts to find one; on which stands inscribed in letters of light, "He that entereth not by the door, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

Religious duties are irksome and disagreeable to the carnal mind—to the unconverted; it is their nature to be so. By them a man may know what he is, whether he is converted or not; the Cross is a mirror. Religious duties are imposed, not that by performing them we may earn a title to heaven, but because they are necessary for the purification of our moral nature, through the grace of Christ, that we may become meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the Saints in light. To neglect the Cross is to neglect all; it is to go to the feast without the wedding garment; it is to go forth to meet the bridegroom without light, and without oil in our vessels.

We may substitute something else for the Cross; such as morality, philosophy, or even works of painful pittance. It will be all in vain; as long as we continue unwashed, unjustified, unsanctified, we are unsafe—in momentary danger of hell fire. There is no neutrality in this war. In revolutions of States and Empires, those who do not take up arms against the foe, are deemed as enemies; it is so here. "He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." This is the conclusion of the whole matter. When Christ comes to judge the world, all who will not now take up the Cross will be regarded as enemies; instead of the Crown they will have the curse; instead of Heaven, everlasting fire with the Devil and his angels.

Hence it is that so many “draw back to perdition.” Ignorant of the great principles of religion, of its power to save, they wear it as a cloak to hide the deformity within ; so inadequate are their conceptions of its excellency, that they will not sacrifice a single lust, a momentary gratification, one darling idol, to insure the “eternal weight of glory” which it promises.

“*No Cross, no Crown!*” Some of the early disciples of the great Messiah, when the spiritual nature of Christianity was presented to them, were “offended.” Their carnal stomachs loathed “the bread which came down from heaven.” Companions of the world, they rejected the “fellowship with the Father, and with the Son, Jesus Christ;” the Cross displeased them, and with their own hands they inscribed their names with those “who, having put their hand to the plough, looked back, and so became unfit for the kingdom of God.”

“*No Cross, no Crown!*” See ! that young man running toward the great teacher ; what can he want with him ? He is a noble man, a ruler of the Jews. Strange sight, indeed, to see ! A ruler of the Jews running after the despised Gallilean. What is his business ? He inquires about the way to heaven ; he seems a good deal in earnest ; he runs, and kneels at the Saviour’s feet ; listen to him. O, says he, “what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life ?” “Take up the Cross, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven,” said the Saviour, as he looked kindly upon him. The young man looks ‘sad,’ he is ‘sad,’ and ‘t is a ‘sad’ sight to see. He wants the “treasure in heaven.” But he wont take up the Cross, and they go together ; God has joined them, and what God has joined no man can put asunder. He looks at the Saviour again inquiringly, as much

as to say, “Is there no other way?” The Savior understands him ; he points him to the Cross again, saying “Except a man deny himself, and take up his Cross, he cannot be my disciple.” Fearful crisis, what will he do? The Saviour is looking at him—the disciples—the multitude standing around—God—the holy angels—glorified spirits—all are looking—yea, hell is looking on this spectacle. What is the issue? O, dreadful infatuation; ‘heaven that hour let fall a tear.’ He who knew the commandments by heart, and who had kept them from his youth up; he turns his back on Christ and heaven, and goes away “sorrowful,” to be yet more “sorrowful” long as eternal ages roll.

Have the Cross and have the Crown. Look again at that young man walking boldly up to the Cross; he lays hold of it exclaiming, “when I am weak then am I strong; I can do all things through Christ strengthening me.” He finds it ‘easy’ and ‘light,’ pleasant and delightful; he bears it faithfully in palaces and in prisons—in the wilderness and in the city—on the sea and on the land—among Jew and Greek—Barbarian and Scythian—Bond and Free—every where exclaiming as he goes, “God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,” and having carried it the appointed time he lays it at the Saviour’s feet, singing triumphantly :

“ I have fought a good fight ;  
“ I have finished my course ;  
“ I have kept the faith :  
“ Henceforth there is laid up  
“ For me—A CROWN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.”



*They cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.—Ps. civii. 28. Then the waters had overwhelmed us.—Ps. cxxiv. 4.*

#### THE LIFE-BOAT.

Loud yell the winds escaped from caves beneath,  
And summon Ocean to the Feast of Death ;  
Ocean obeys, high lifts his hoary head,  
With fearful roar, impatient to be fed ;  
With maddened rage his mountain billows rise,  
And shake the earth and threaten e'en the skies.  
See the poor bark engulphed—with precious freight—  
Who, who can save her from impending fate ?

Old Ocean strikes her with tremendous shock,  
And, oh ! she's stranded on a sunken rock ;  
Horror and grief now seize the hapless crew,  
To hope and life they bid a last adieu :  
Thousands on shore behold their awful plight,  
But cannot save them ; 't is a piteous sight.

At this dread crisis, on the mountain wave  
Is seen the "*Life-boat*," with intent to save ;  
Onward she dashes o'er that sea of strife,  
Buoyant, and hopeful, 't is a thing of life,  
She makes the wreck, and from its drifting spars,  
She takes on board the drifting mariners ;  
Trip after trip she makes—with mercy fraught—  
'Till they are safely carried into port.

HERE is portrayed the life-boat hastening to the rescue ; the winds, escaped from their prison-house, issue forth roaring indignantly at having been confined so long. Ocean is summoned to the feast of Death ; Neptune obeys the summons—instantly he is all commotion, stirred up from his lowest depths, impatient to satiate his devouring appetite ; he dashes his billows against the earth—he assails the very heavens. Behold the frail ship exposed to all the fury of his rage ; she is laden with precious treasure. Her ruin appears inevitable. Loud roars Neptune ; loud roar the winds ; loud too, snap and crack the cordage and the sails ; high rises the mountain surf. The bark "mounts up to the heaven," deep yawns the gulph beneath ; she goes down again into the depths ; the crew are "at their wits end," their soul is melted because of trouble. But instead of calling "upon the Lord in their trouble," that He might "bring them out of their distresses," they drink and are drunken. Still the waves and the billows go over them ; at length a mountain wave dashes the vessel on a sunken rock, she falls to pieces ; the men cling to masts, spars, and broken pieces ; despair sits on every countenance ; multitudes from the shore

behold the catastrophe, but cannot succor. Lamentable sight !

At this appalling moment, when all hope is taken away of their being saved, the Life-boat is launched into the terrific ocean. Will not she also fall a prey to the watery monster ? See ! she lives above the waves ; her gallant crew impel her forward ; on she dashes—she leaps from billow to billow ; soon she reaches the wreck, and begins her work of mercy. Quickly she takes the drowning wretches from the drifting spars, giving back to them life and hope. Some, indeed, not yet sobered, will not be saved ; others in the same condition take the “life-preservers” for pirates, that have come to take and sell them for slaves, therefore refuse to leave the raft. No time is to be lost. All they can, they receive on board, and carry safely into port, amid the acclamations of the multitude.

O what is this but a picture of the goodness of our God in Christ, in establishing his Church on the earth. The tempestuous sea is this world, the wreck is man ; the life-boat is the Church, and the multitudes on shore may represent the heavenly host who look with interest into the affairs of man’s redemption.

The world is indeed a “troubled sea,” a tempestuous ocean ; it is raised into fury by the breath or spirit of the “evil one,” “the prince of the Power of the air,” who, having escaped from his prison-house, the “bottomless pit,” descends in great wrath and summons all the powers of evil to aid him in the destruction of mankind. Here roll the waves of profanity—there those of impurity ; here dash with fury the breakers of Revenge—there rise impetuous the mountain billows of Pride ; on the right are seen the rocks of Infidelity—on the left the quicksands of

Destruction, while the whirlpools of Mammon abound in every part.

Man, shipwrecked by the first transgression, is cast upon this troubled sea, exposed to all its dangers ; ignorant and helpless, he is “tossed upon life’s stormy billows.” Wave after wave rolls him onward to destruction ; the whirlpool opens wide its mouth to “swallow him whole, as those that go down into the pit.” Is all lost ? must he become a prey to the devouring elements ? Ah ! is there no eye to pity ? no arm to save ? Oh, divine compassion ! “God so loved the world,” that the Life-boat is launched ; Jesus is in the midst of her ; he guides her movements ! his disciples form the crew ; they encounter the storm that Satan has raised ; they spring from wave to wave, from billow to billow,

“With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,  
And snatch them from the gaping grave.”

They take sinners from off the waves that are bearing them on to death, and place their feet upon the Rock of Salvation. Some are too proud to accept deliverance ; such are left in their sad condition.

To speak without a figure, the Lord Jesus Christ has established his church upon the earth, for the salvation of men. This is the proper business of the Church, even as of the life-boat, to save men ; its sacraments, ordinances, and various means of grace, all leading to Christ, the Saviour, are well adapted to do this ; and when used aright, they never fail to ensure salvation. Believe, love, obey, “this do and you shall live.”

And whereas the usefulness of the “*Life-boat*” consisted in having her bottom and sides hollow and filled with air, so the usefulness of the Church depends upon her being filled with the Holy Spirit,

with the atmosphere of heaven; and as boats not made air-tight fail to be useful in the storm, and prove the destruction of those who venture in them, in like manner, Churches lacking the atmosphere of heaven, being destitute of the power of the Holy Ghost, fail in being serviceable to the souls of men, and sink into the “dead sea” of forms and ceremonies.

The Church of Christ—that is, a company of true believers—being filled with the Holy Spirit, become inflamed with zeal, and animated with love for perishing sinners. The love of Christ constraineth them, for they thus judge: if Christ died for all, then were all dead—and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him that died for them and rose again. In seeking to save souls, they seek Christ’s honor and glory, by establishing his dominion on the earth; daily the Church influenced thus, makes efforts for the salvation of men; her grand effort is on the Sabbath-day. On this day, worldly business is laid aside; the Angel of Mercy rings her bell around the earth; the Ambassadors of Heaven appear, and issue their proclamation unto the children of men; life and immortality are offered without money and without price; Mercy is active on the earth. Fountains of living waters are opened in dry places; heaven’s gates are thrown wide open, and streams of light and love issue from the King of Glory. Every where sinners, perishing sinners, are affectionately invited to escape from their sins, and take refuge beneath the sanctuary of the Most Holy;—“Wisdom” herself “uttereth her voice in the streets, she crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the opening of the gates; in the city she uttereth her words, saying, how long, ye simple ones, will ye love

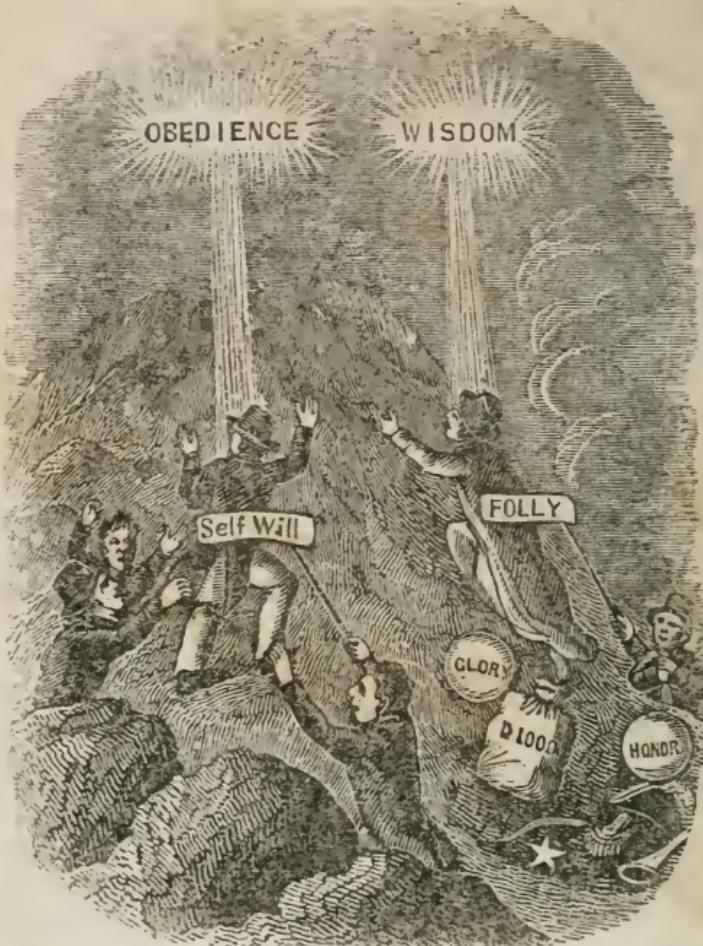
simplicity, and the scorners delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge." Nevertheless

" Millions are shipwrecked on life's stormy coast,  
" With all their charts on board, and powerful aid  
" Because their lofty pride disdained to learn  
" The instructions of a pilot, and a God."

As we saw in the case of the wreck, that some actually refused to enter the life-boat, so it is with sinners; alas! alas! that it is so; they, too, are intoxicated, "drunken, but not with wine," sin has intoxicated them; they are beside themselves. Some will not yield their heart to God, and be saved, simply because *they will* not; others do not believe the record God has given of his Son, and continue exposed to the damnation of those "that believe not." Others again, mistrust the motives of the pious, who seek to lead them from the way of death, and think they want only to bring them into bondage; and as the mariners had power to remain on the wreck and be drowned, so the sinner has power to continue in his sins and be damned. Awful power! fearful responsibility! and yet if man be not free, "how shall God judge the world."

The Church, however, as a Spiritual Life-boat, continues her benevolent excursions, and daily lands some saved ones, at the port of glory; and when she shall have made her last trip, through that tempest that shall make a wreck of earth, then shall arise from countless myriads the song of triumph and of praise;—

" Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power,  
" Be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne,  
" And unto the Lamb for ever and ever."



*For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.—Cor. 1, iii. 19. If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household? Matt. x. 25.*

#### OBEDIENCE AND WISDOM.

Here is Self-Will, so called by men below,  
Struggling alone his upward path to go ;  
Though steep and rugged he will persevere ;  
The way he knows is right, then wherefore fear ?  
His friends and foes alike pronounce him mad ;  
His friends are sorry, but his foes are glad ;

One pulls him by the skirt to keep him back,  
Another runs before to cross his track ;  
One with a club resolves to stop his course,  
And right or wrong, to bring him back by force ;  
But they are wrong, and wrong the title given,  
Self-will on earth—Obedience is in heaven.

Next Folly—nicknamed—here is seen to rise  
And climb the path that leads to yonder skies ;  
Honors and shining gold his pathway cross,  
Yet he esteems them but as dung and dross ;  
Old fashioned things prefers, o'ergrown with rust,  
And stars and garters trainples in the dust.  
Judging the man by earth's acknowledged rule,  
The lookers on denounce him for a fool ;  
The world is wrong again, the man is right ;  
His name is Wisdom in the realms of light.

IN this picture, on the one hand, is seen a man urging his way up a steep and rugged path ; his name is recorded. He is opposed, still he doggedly perseveres ; friends and foes alike are astonished at his proceedings. The former are grieved, the latter rejoice at the prospect of his certain ruin. Some of his friends are determined to arrest his progress ; one seizes hold of him by the skirt, another, more intent, tries to get ahead of him in order to stop him ; a third, yet more violent, pursues him with a bludgeon, and is determined, if fair means fail, to employ force. Nevertheless, he obstinately persists in the path he has chosen ; he believes it to be right ; he will not give in. They employ threats and promises, but all to no purpose ; out of all patience with him, they use up a whole vocabulary of opprobrious epithets. He is self-willed, obstinate, stubborn, etc. ; one by one, however, at length they leave him, and go about their business, and the man, no longer molested, goes along the way which to him appears to be right, and which he is determined to follow.

On the other hand, one is seen pressing forward

up a rough and difficult pass ; his name, also, is apparent. On his path lie scattered profusely, Riches and Honors, of various kinds ; there is the trumpet of Fame, with Stars and Garters, and many other things of equal value ; these appear to be at his command—he may ride in a coach drawn by six beautiful horses, and yet he prefers to toil and tug along that rough road on foot. This strange conduct excites the scorn, ridicule, and laughter of those who behold him ; they denounce him as a fool—they know that they would act very differently, and they are wise men. The man, however, regardless alike of their scorn and jests, goes his own way ; and after a while, they go theirs.

The traveler here called Self-will, represents the Christian, or man of Piety, in every age ; the steep and rugged way, Christian conduct ; the traveler's opponents, the Christian's adversaries, or men of the world. The Christian is one who is anointed with the Spirit of Christ ; he receives a heavenly call ; he is not disobedient thereto ; he knows in whom and in what he believes. The path he is commanded to follow may be a difficult one, very difficult to flesh and blood ; it is a new and a strange way ; it is so to himself in many respects, but God has called him to walk in it—he will obey. He walks by faith, not by sight, merely. His friends become alarmed at his conduct, and at first approach him with tenderness, beseeching him to give up his new fangled notions ; though he loves them sincerely, he cannot, he dare not yield to their solicitations. They remonstrate, they threaten, but all in vain ; he is determined, nothing will move him ; he even invites them to go with him ; nothing would give him greater satisfaction than to have them for companions ; they will not be persuaded, and mourning over what they

consider his self-will and stubbornness, permit him, at length, to have his own way.

Others of a more hostile character, but equally blind, who know nothing of the Christian's motives and aims, who put darkness for light, and light for darkness, call sweet bitter and bitter sweet, beset the man with foul and abusive language. They revile and slander him, they maltreat and persecute him; they believe him to be an obstinate, stupid fellow—one who will have his own way at all hazards.

The man of God endures all things, and hopes all things; he prays for those who oppose him; he gives them good advice, and tells them "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." But God sees not as man sees; Heaven approves of his conduct; hallelujahs resounded above when first he started on the way; new shouts of angelic applause might have been heard, when he persisted to walk in it. God has enrolled his name among his obedient ones, and when earth's records, doings, and opinions, shall be no more, he will receive amid ten thousand thousand witnesses, the welcome plaudit of "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

A wonderful example of what the world calls self-will, lived many years since. An old man who knew nothing about the business, took it into his head to turn shipwright and build a ship. Such a thing had never been heard of; of such enormous dimensions, too, that it was very clear there could not be water enough to float it; and a thousand idle things were said about the old man and his wild and willful undertaking. Yet he was self-willed; day after day found him at his work—he knew what he was about—he knew who had commanded him; he doubted not but that there would be water enough to float his

ship by and by, nor was he mistaken. His obedience had its full reward, and the lone Ark, floating majestically on the world of waters, testified that it is better to obey God than man.

The man Folly, his path, and the treatment he meets with, serve also to illustrate Christian character. The Christian is called to forsake home and friends, houses and lands, riches and honors, whenever they in any measure stand in the way of duty. The heavenly commission he has received makes it incumbent on him to deny self, take up his cross, to bear the yoke, and to become a pilgrim in the world. He is faithful to his calling. Pleasure courts him, but he embraces her not. Wealth entices, but he consents not. Honors and glories solicit him, but all in vain. He rejects them all. He will not have a clog to his soul. He is free, and he knows the value of his freedom. The poor slaves of sin and earth know no more of the man and his pursuits, than of the angel Gabriel and his employments in paradise. To them, this spurner of gold, this rejector of honors, this trampler on earth, is a fool and a madman ; he is beside himself, and so he is denounced accordingly. They judge of him and his conduct by the rules of earth, but he follows another standard. As well might the oyster buried in the sand attempt to pass judgment on the towering eagle when he flies on the wings of the storm, mounts and mingles with the new born light, and rejoices in the boundlessness of space.

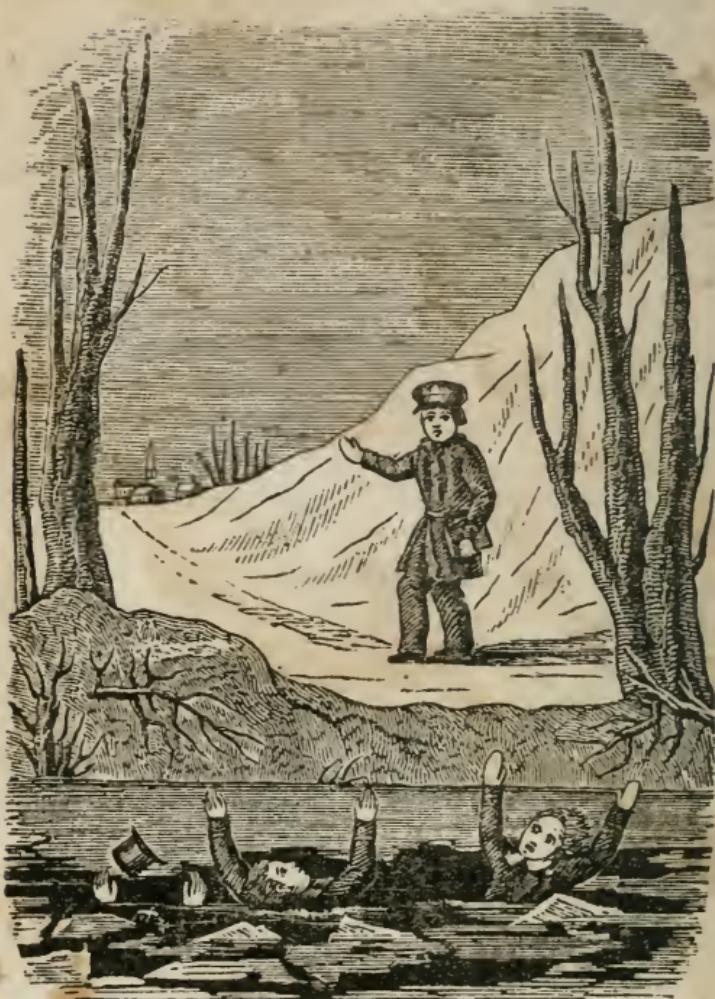
The Christian rejects what he knows upon the authority of Truth, and the God of Truth to be worthless in themselves, unsatisfactory in their nature, and transitory in their continuance. He receives and holds fast what is invaluable, satisfying, and eternal. And when the light of the last conflagration shall reveal the secrets of all hearts, and declare the value

of all things, then will it be seen that the Christian has governed himself according to the rules of the highest *Wisdom*.

Thus it was with the man of meekness ; he gave up kingship and royalty, and formed an alliance with a troop of slaves ; he relinquished the splendors of a court for the terrors of a desert ; a life of luxurious ease for one of peril and fatigue. By the men of his generation his conduct was regarded as foolish and absurd, but his appearance on the glorious mount of transfiguration, as an Ambassador of the skies, encircled with the splendors of Heaven, proclaims to the world that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of *Wisdom*," and the love of him its highest consummation.

Look again at the young man of Tarsus ; see him resign the professor's chair to become a teacher of barbarians. The ruler of the Jews becomes the servant of the Gentiles ; the friend of the great and powerful becomes the companion of the weak and contemptible ; the inmate of a mansion becomes a vagabond on the earth, "having no certain dwelling place." He embraces hunger, thirst, and nakedness ; the dungeon, the scourge, and the axe. The world has pronounced its verdict upon him—he was a "madman," "a pest," "a disturber of the public peace," "a ringleader of the despised." The case, however, is pending in a higher court, and when those who "sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake," and Paul, "shining as the brightness of the firmament," takes rank among the "wise," the verdict of Heaven will have been recorded.

"Wisdom is humble, said the voice of God,  
'T is proud, the world replied. Wisdom, said God,  
Forgives, forbears, and suffers, not for fear  
Of man, but God. Wisdom revenges, said  
The world ; is quick and deadly of resentment ;  
Thrusts at the very shadow of affront,  
And hastens by Death to wipe its honor clean.  
Wisdom, said God, is highest when it stoops  
Lowest before the Holy Throne ; throws down  
Its crown, abased ; forgets itself, admires,  
And breathes adoring praise."



*If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.—Prov. i. 10. Lean not unto thine own understanding. Prov. iii. 5.*

#### DANGER OF PRESUMPTION.

Behold where Winter on his stormy throne,  
With icy scepter sways the world alone ;  
From arctic regions fierce the whirlwinds blow,  
And earth, all shivering, wears her robe of snow ;  
The leafless forest murmurs to the blast,  
The rushing river now is fettered fast ;

And clouds and shadows settling over all,  
Wrap lifeless nature in her funeral pall.  
Some youths now hasten to the frozen lake  
And on to school their way with pleasure take ;  
Nor go alone, but others they entice  
With them to frolic on the slippery ice ;  
The way is pleasant, smoother far to go,  
Than o'er the mountain through the drifted snow :  
One, and one only, makes a wiser choice ;  
He will not hearken unto Pleasure's voice :  
Awhile the others glide along the lake,  
When all at once the ice begins to break ;  
In—in they plunge ! In vain their piteous tones—  
The waters quickly hush their gurgling groans.

HERE we see the danger of presumption—the fruits of disobedience. It was a winter's day, the snow had fallen, and earth was clad in her robes of white ; the north wind had moaned through the forest, and the ponds and rivers were partially frozen over. Some village school boys, about to start for the school-house, which was situated at some distance on the other side of a mountain, were admonished by their parents not to go by the way of the lake that lay round the foot of the mount ; the parents judging it to be unsafe, the command was given with all possible earnestness and tenderness. Well would it have been for the boys had they obeyed ; as soon as they were out of sight, Harry whispered to Charles that "it would be much more pleasant to go by the way of the lake, than to trudge it over the mountain, and nobody could know any thing about it." After a few moments pause Charles agreed ; others now are invited to accompany them—"the more the merrier" say they ; one by one they give their assent, and all, except Samuel, who forgot not his parents' injunction, and who preferred trudging through the drifts of snow over the mountain, to disobeying his parents' command—all resolve to take the smoother

and pleasanter way across the lake. They doubt not but it will bear ; they anticipate a fine time ; they hesitate not to trust the ice, though they will not trust the word of their parents. On they venture—away they glide o'er the slippery surface, with the wind behind them—full of delight they slide along ; they see Samuel working his way through the snow ; full of fun and laughter, they with difficulty stop to ridicule him, when behold ! their entire weight is more than the ice will bear ; suddenly it breaks—in, in they go, down ! down ! they sink ;—the cold waters close over them—they are lost. The school-bell rings, but they are not there ; one only of the party has arrived to tell to the teacher and the rest of the scholars, the dismal tale.

From the commonest events in life we may gather instruction ; the bee despairs not to gather honey from the meanest flower. The Almighty is the great Parent of all, the Father of the Spirits of all that live ; He has not forgotten the work of his own hands, he takes pleasure in the security and happiness of his children ; he governs the world by laws, —fixed, unalterable laws—except when he alters them for some especial purpose, as in the case of miracles. His natural laws prevail in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth ; the law of gravitation, by which a body unsupported falls, exists every where, extends to the remotest star or planet, and binds all material objects to a common center ; the law of motion, by which a body once put in motion continues in that state, if it be not resisted by the action of an external cause—these laws and others govern the universe of matter, and they are uniform. Fire always burns, water always drowns, and ice supports bodies in exact proportion to its quality and thickness.

But for Spirits, God has given laws that are spiritual ; in wisdom he has given them to his creatures ; these, too, are all fixed and unalterable, " Except ye repent ye shall perish." The way of sin always leads to disgrace, sorrow, and eternal death ; the path of duty or piety always to honor, happiness, and everlasting life ; they have always done so, they ever will do so ; God has admonished the children of men of this truth ; he has plainly pointed out the two paths, their character, tendency, and end ; and having done this, he in the most affectionate manner urges us to follow the path of life. " Behold !" says He, and wonder at the announcement, " I set before you Life and Death, Blessing and Cursing, choose Life that you may live."

" Placed for his trial on this bustling stage,  
From thoughtless youth to ruminating age,  
Free in his will to choose or to refuse,  
Man may improve the crisis, or abuse ;  
Else, on the fatalist's unrighteous plan,  
Say to what bar amenable were man ?  
With nought in charge he could betray no trust ;  
And if he fell, would fall because he must.  
If Love reward him, or if Vengeance strike,  
His recompense in both unjust alike.  
Divine authority within his breast  
Brings every thought, word, action, to the test ;  
Warns him or prompts, approves him, or restrains,  
As reason, or as passion, takes the reins ;  
Heaven from above, and conscience from within,  
Cries in his startled ear—abstain from sin  
The world around sollicits his desire,  
And kindles in his soul a treacherous fire ;  
While all his purposes and steps to guard,  
Peace follows virtue as its sure reward ;  
And Pleasure brings as surely in her train  
Remorse, and sorrow, and vindictive pain."

The boys who broke through the ice and perished, had been faithfully warned ; the two ways had been

distinctly marked out to them, they followed their own course ; they *presumed* their parents might not know every thing, they might not know how hard it had frozen during the night—that the ice was strong enough to bear them—there was no danger. The fact was, the way of duty looked difficult, and the way forbidden easy and delightful ; they had their reward. So it is with the sinner, man ; he *presumes* that he may violate the laws of God with impunity, that he will not punish, that the way is a safe one—although God has said “the end thereof is death.” The truth is, the way of piety seems hard, steep and difficult, and the way of sin smooth and agreeable to his carnal nature ; hence he ventures on, at first with diffidence, afterward with vain confidence ; he entices others to accompany him in his sinful pleasures—this makes it more dangerous ; they strengthen each other in wickedness, but “though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished.”

To show the influence of bad example, and the danger of presumption, Baxter has related the following anecdote : “A man was driving a flock of fat lambs, and something meeting them and hindering their passage, one of the lambs leaped upon the wall of the bridge, and his legs slipping from under him, he fell into the stream ; the rest seeing him, did as he did, one after one leaped over the bridge into the stream, and were all, or almost all, drowned. Those that were behind did little know what was become of them that were gone before, but thought they might venture to follow their companions ; but as soon as ever they were over the wall and falling headlong, the case was altered. Even so it is with unconverted carnal men ; one dieth by them and drops into hell, and another follows the same way ; and yet they will go after them, because they think

not where they are gone. O, but when death hath once opened their eyes, and they see what is on the other side of the wall, even in another world, then what would they give to be where they once were."

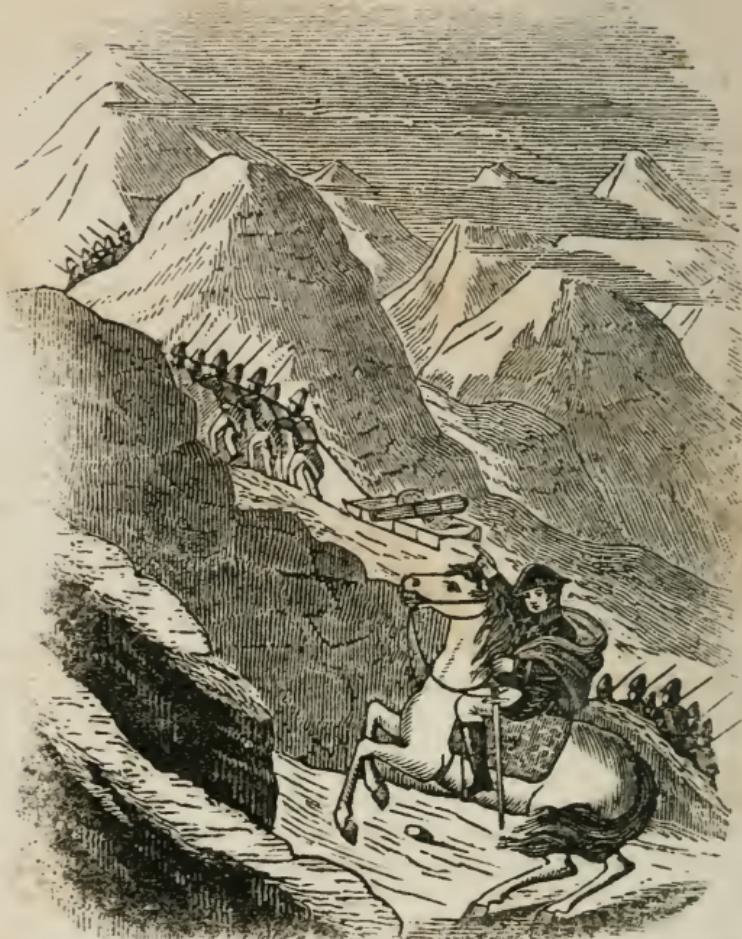
Last summer I noticed a little incident that may serve to illustrate our subject ; the same thing, no doubt, is of frequent occurrence. An insect had entered the house and was upon the back of a chair ; having walked to the end, it very circumspectly employed its feelers above, below, and all around. Ascertaining that the side was slippery and precipitous, it turned round and went back again ; this it did several times, nor would it leave its position until it could do so with safety. And yet man—man, with the powers almost of an angel, rushes blindly on to ruin.

It is well known that the elephant, when about to cross a bridge, puts his foot down inquiringly to ascertain its strength, nor will he proceed unless he is satisfied the bridge is sufficiently strong to support him ; but the transgressor ventures on the bridge of sin, beneath which rolls the river of eternal woe, bearing with him the weight of his immortal interests, the "vast concerns of an eternal state."

By the laws of motion, the boy sliding or skating on the ice cannot easily stop himself, and sometimes he rushes into the openings or air-holes, that are often found on the surface, and meets with an untimely end.

It is so with the laws of sin ; the sinner increases his momentum as he advances ; from hearkening to the counsel of the "ungodly," he proceeds to the way of open "sinners,"—a little further and he sits complacently in the seat of the "scornful." Now his doom is sealed !

Thus it was with Babylon's proud king ; not content with having been an idolater all his life, against his better knowledge—for the judgment that befel his forefather, Nebuchadnezzar, must have instructed him—he would ridicule the true religion, he would insult the majesty of Heaven. He sends for the sacred vessels of the Sanctuary, that he and his companions may magnify themselves over the captive tribes of Israel. But behold ! in the midst of his blasphemous revelry, the Hand—the terrible hand, appears, and the presumptuous monarch, after having seen his doom recorded on the wall of his own palace, is suddenly cut down, and his kingdom given to another.



*My heart is fixed.—Ps. cviii. 1. I press toward the mark, for the prize.—Phil. iii, 14.*

#### DECISION AND PERSEVERANCE.

See where the Alps rear up their giant brow !  
 King of the mounts, with coronet of snow ;  
 Scorning all time, and change, his stalwart form,  
 Endures the peltings of eternal storm ;  
 In awful pride, enthroned above the skies,  
 Peaks upon peaks in matchless grandeur rise :

'Mid frowning glaciers on whose icy crest,  
The savage vulture builds its craggy nest,  
The fathomless abyss extends beneath,  
And leads the traveller to the realms of death:  
*Napoleon* comes in quest of fame and power,  
He scans the mounts that high above him tower.  
Though "*barely possible*," he will "*advance*,"  
And in Italia plant the flag of France;  
In vain the mountain, like a dreadful ghost,  
Rises to frighten the advancing host.  
O'er towering cliff and yawning gulf he speeds,  
He means to pass nor aught of danger heeds;  
He scales the summit with his conquering train,  
And like the vulture swoops upon the plain.

HERE the Alps lift up their snow-capped heads in awful sublimity; their icy pinnacles tower above the clouds; their colossal forms arise, mountain on mountain piled. To all save the bounding chamois or his intrepid pursuer, they appear inaccessible; here vast overhanging precipices threaten destruction, and there the treacherous abyss lies concealed, ready to engulf the unwary traveller; Winter reigns supreme upon his throne of desolation; eternal tempests increase the horror of the scene. In vain does the famished traveller search for some stunted lichen, or the smallest animal, to save him from approaching death; he sees nothing but boundless seas of ice—no signs of life are there—it seems the very tomb of nature; the solemn solitude is broken only by the roar of the tempest or the thunder of the avalanche.

Yet over all these obstacles Napoleon would advance; he inquires of the engineer Marescot, who has just explored the wild passes of the St. Bernard, if it is possible to pass. "*Barely possible*," answers the officer. "*Very well*," says Napoleon, "*en avant*," "*advance*," and at the head of his army of above 30,000 men, with their arms, horses, and artillery, he commences the arduous passage. The

mountains seem to bid defiance to the utmost efforts of the martial host ; but dangers and difficulties deter him not ; like the gale that wafts the vessel sooner into port, they only urge him on toward the object of his ambition ; he conducts the army over slippery glaciers, wide yawning ravines, and eternal snows ; he braves the fury of the tempest, and the crash of the avalanche—and overcoming every obstacle, he swoops upon Italy like the Alpine eagle upon his prey.

In the conduct of Napoleon in this instance, we have a striking example of decision and perseverance. If we can “out of the eater bring forth meat,” and “from the strong bring forth sweetness,” it will be well.

The importance of possessing a decided character is best seen in its results, as the value of a tree is best known by its fruits ; by its aid Napoleon accomplished the objects of his ambition—fame, and wealth, and glory, and power. With it, a man attains that which he sets his heart upon ; without it, he becomes easily discouraged and fails. With it, he controls his own movements, and influences, also, the conduct of others ; without it, he loses his own individuality, and becomes a creature of circumstances. In fine, man without decision, is like a rudderless vessel, tossed upon an uncertain sea ; while the decided character, like the genius of the storm, commands the winds and the waves, and they obey him.

The importance of decision being so apparent, it becomes an interesting inquiry, “How can it be obtained ?” After a proper object of pursuit is selected, it seems essential that a fuller *knowledge* of the object should be secured ; no pains ought to be spared in order to obtain a perfect knowledge of the object or profession, in all its parts ; this is necessary to

the foundation of such a character. The traveller who knows his way, walks with a firm step, while he that is in doubt about his path, advances with hesitation.

Another thing deemed essential, is *Confidence* in the object of our choice, that it will yield us satisfaction ; possessing a knowledge of our route, and a belief that at the end of our journey we shall be at home, the things that discourage others have no influence at all upon us. So it is with the decided character, in the path he has chosen. Does opposition present itself? he assumes the attitude of a gladiator, determined to conquer or die ; does danger appear, as it did to Shadrach and his companions, when the burning fiery furnace stood in their path ? he burns the more ardently to fulfill his mission. Is he ridiculed, as were the builders of the walls of Jerusalem ? he heeds it not, he still goes forward. Finally, does he find himself forsaken ? it throws him on his own resources, it makes him firmer in his purpose, as the tree that stands alone and braves the storm, strikes deeper its roots into the ground. If engaged in a good cause he is, like Milton's Abdiel,

" Faithful found  
" Among the faithless, faithful only he  
" Among innumerable false, unmoved,  
" Unbroken, unseduced, unterrified,  
" His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal.  
" Nor number, nor example, with him wrought,  
" To swerve from truth or change his constant mind,  
" Though single."

In the case of Napoleon the above points were exemplified ; he selected, as the object of his choice, military warfare—he made himself acquainted with every thing belonging to it as a science. He had confidence in it, as a means of procuring him the

highest objects of his ambition ; hence his devotion to it—hence his perseverance ; dangers and difficulties are seized as allies—he rises with the storm, and “barely possible,” is to him an assurance of success.

To the Christian soldier, decision is of the highest importance ; he has selected the Christian warfare as a means of procuring to him, “Glory, Honor, and Immortality.” “If the righteous are scarcely saved,” it behooves him to know what belongs to “his calling.” He needs a knowledge of himself, of his duties, and of his privileges ; a knowledge of the way, its dangers, and its difficulties ; a knowledge of his enemies, their methods, and their power ; a knowledge of his Almighty leader, of his Spirit, and of his word. He needs a living, practical faith, in religion, that it will secure to him “Eternal Life.” Opposition, danger, and death, may stare him in the face, but if decided, he will say “none of these things move me,” “my heart is fixed, I will sing and give praise,” and having fought the good fight of faith, he will be enrolled among those who persevere to the end, and are saved :—

“Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees, and looks to that alone,  
Laughs at *impossibilities*, and cries ‘*it shall be done!*’”

Decision of character may, however, belong to very different individuals ; to the bad as well as the good, to Satan as well as to Abdiel. We may, like Enoch, “set ourselves” to walk with God ; or be like the wicked whose “heart is fully set in them to do evil. We may say with pious Joshua, “choose you this day whom ye will serve, but as for me and my house we will serve the Lord ;” or with ambitious Pizarro, we may draw the line with the sword, and say, “on this side lie poverty and Panama, on that, Peru and gold ; as for me and the brave, we

will cross the line." With the martyr Paul, we may exclaim "I go to Jerusalem, though bonds and afflictions await me there." Or with the patriot Pompey, "it is necessary for me to be at Rome, though it is not necessary for me to live."

The following anecdotes related by Foster, exhibit striking examples of decision and perseverance :

"An estimable old man, being on a jury, in a trial of life and death, was completely satisfied of the innocence of the prisoner ; the other eleven were of the opposite opinion, but he was resolved the man should not be condemned. As the first effort for preventing it, he made application to the *minds* of his associates, but he found he made no impression ; he then calmly told them that he would sooner die of famine than release them at the expense of the prisoner's life. The result was a verdict of acquittal." What follows is a less worthy instance :

"A young man having wasted, in two or three years, a large fortune, was reduced to absolute want. He went out, one day, with the intention of putting an end to his life ; wandering along he came to the brow of an eminence that overlooked what were once his own estates ; here he sat down and remained fixed in thought some hours. At length he sprang up with a vehement exulting emotion—he had formed the resolution that all these estates should be his own again ; he had formed his plan also, which he began immediately to execute ; he walked forward determined to seize the very first opportunity to gain money, and resolved not to spend a cent of it, if he could help it. The first thing was a heap of coals shot before a house ; he offered to wheel them into their place—he received a few pence for his labor ; he then asked for something to eat, which was given him. In this way he proceeded, always turning his gains to some advantage, till in the end he more than realized his lost possessions, and died a miser, worth more than a quarter of a million of dollars."



*The fool rageh.*—Prov. xiv. 16. *Let patience have her perfect work.*  
James, i. 4.

#### PASSION AND PATIENCE.

Behold here ! Passion, stamping, mad with rage ;  
He tries the knotted cord to disengage.  
He twists and twirls, and fumes and frets in vain,  
And all impatient cuts the cord in twain.  
See ! there is gold ! that Providence has sent :  
Favor abused—it feeds his discontent.

His soul a tempest—storms around him rise ;  
Thunder and lightning shake the trembling skies :  
A troubled ocean—white with foaming spray,  
Whose restless waters cast up mire and clay.

But mark the contrast ! Patience much at ease,  
Th' intricate cord unravels by degrees.  
No bags of gold has he. But what is more,  
He has content—of this an ample store ;  
While the bright Rainbow, sparkling in the sky,  
Is pledge to him of future joys on high :  
His soul a calm—by mellow light caressed ;  
A placid lake—whose waters are at rest.

Two very different characters are here presented to our view : Passion, storming, wild with rage—Patience, calm and tranquil. For some time, Passion has been endeavoring to unravel a hank of entangled twine or cord. In his great hurry, he entangles it more and more. It is full of knots ; he grows hot with rage ; his face is miscreated ; he wears the aspect of a fury. Stamping with anger, he tramples upon some toys that lay near him, and breaks them into pieces. A bag of gold is seen standing at his side. This only feeds his pride ; it makes him more outrageous to think that *he* should have such work assigned him. A tempest is seen to arise behind him ; the clouds gather blackness ; thunders roll ; fearful lightnings glare around. This is to show the state of his mind—wild, fiery and tempestuous. He is also fully represented by the troubled sea, seen in the back ground. Tumultuous it tosses its foaming billows ; its restless water casts up mire and dirt. So his troubled spirit, agitated by the tumult of his passions, gives utterance to oaths, blasphemies and imprecations. Miserable youth ! The fire of hell is kindled within him !

*Patience*, on the other hand, sits with unruffled composure. He, too, has had the same work assigned

him. He has the knotted cord to unravel; but he goes about it in the spirit of duty; patiently he unties knot after knot, overcomes difficulty after difficulty, until the whole is cleared. He has finished his task; he is seen looking upward, to show that he seeks help and counsel from on high. A heavenly light descends and sheds its luster round about him. Help is afforded. In the back-ground is seen a placid lake: this denotes the composure of his mind. Not a wave of perplexity dashes across his peaceful breast. He has not riches; no gold is seen shining by his side; he is, however, contented with his condition; nor is he without hope of future good. The Bow of Promise, glittering in the distant sky, intimates to us that he looks forward to a future recompense.

*Passion* represents a man of the world: one who has his portion in this life. The Almighty Father has appointed a work to all men; yea, every thing living—moving—creeping—swimming—flying—has its work to do. Duty is incumbent upon all. It is a condition of existence; it is also a condition of happiness. Man is under this universal law. The man of the world, lacking the proper qualifications for duty, fails in discharging it aright. He works from wrong motives, and for wrong ends; he does all to the glory of self. No wonder he makes such bungling work of it.

By the knotted cord, may be understood those difficult passages of life through which man, as such, has to pass—afflictions, disappointments, etc. These are more than the worldly-minded man can bear. The reason seems clear enough. He has set his heart upon earthly objects; hence the removal of these objects from him, affects him very sensibly. These are thy gods, O man of the world! When trouble comes, of course he does not look upward; he has no business there. He looks down—down—continually

“ He leans to his own understanding,” instead of waiting for further developments. He becomes impatient, fretful, peevish, angry and passionate. He would curse God and die, if he was not afraid to die. He is

“ Instantly, with wild demoniac rage,  
“ For breaking all the chains of Providence,  
“ And bursting his confinement, though fast barr’d  
“ By laws divine and human.”

Providence may have lavished wealth upon him: he spurns the giver; he abuses his gifts. His pride becomes more inflamed; his table becomes a snare unto him; his riches add to his discontent. What he needs, though he may not know it, is a hope beyond the grave. He has title deeds enough on parchment, but none to the kingdom of Heaven—houses and lands, but no “ hiding place” in which to enter when the great day of His wrath shall come. He has no anchor to enable his vessel to ride out the gales of adversity. Clouds and darkness surround him; a tempest is in his path; he is a cloud carried with the tempest, to whom is reserved the mist of darkness forever; a troubled sea, which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt.

*Patience* represents the man of God—him who has chosen God and the world to come for his portion. In this world, he, too, has presented to him the knotted cord—trials, perplexities and afflictions. Man is born to trouble. He endures all things as seeing him who is invisible; in patience he possesseth his soul. He looks at the difficulty calmly; he considers what is best to be done, and which is the best way to do it. If it is beyond his power or skill, he looks to God for assistance. The composed state of his mind gives him a great advantage over the impatient one; but if he finds his own arm too short, he is intimate

with *One* who is mighty to save, and who is a very present help in times of trouble. Soon the knot is untied, the difficulty is overcome, and the victory is gained. Hence a holy calm pervades him ; he knows that all things are working together for his good. His soul is like a placid lake, reflecting the rosy light of heaven.

Earth to him may be a tempestuous ocean ; but the eye of faith ever sees the beacon of Truth gleaming across its dark blue wave, pointing him to the haven of repose. Therefore, though cast down, he is not destroyed—perplexed, yet never in despair. He reckons that his light afflictions will work for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. He looks not at the things which are seen, but at those that are not seen. He has no gold—he is poor ; but the Bow of Promise spans for him its glorious arch. “He is joyful in hope.” He is reminded of his inheritance above. There he has a throne at the right hand of the King of Glory—a mansion in the skies—a bower in paradise—a rest in Abraham’s bosom—a shelter from the storm—a city which has foundations. No wonder that he sets his affections on things that are above. There is his portion fair—there, too, is his heart—there is his eternal dwelling place. He would rather have the lot of Lazarus here, and his portion hereafter, than fare sumptuously every day with Dives, and be perplexed with him at last in the hell of torment. As he walks through the vale of poverty and distress, the heavenly light shines around him, and awakens the voice of song :

“ Although the fig tree shall not blossom,  
“ Neither shall fruit be in the vines ;  
“ The labor of the olive shall fail,  
“ And the fields shall yield no meat ;

“ The flocks shall be cut off from the fold,  
 “ And there shall be no herd in the stalls :  
 “ Yet I will rejoice in the Lord—  
 “ I will joy in the God of my Salvation.”

How greatly is Patience to be preferred before Passion. Passion is a fury, breathing out threatening and slaughter ; Patience is a cherub, whispering words of love and joy. Passion is a tempest, charged with lightnings, hail and thunder ; Patience is a holy calm, where peace reigns and stillness triumphs. The one is a troubled sea, casting up mire and dirt—the other, a placid lake illumined by the mellow light of heaven. The one a foretaste of the fire of hell—the other, a pledge of everlasting repose.

“ The man possess'd among the tombs,  
 Cuts his own flesh and cries ;  
 He foams and raves, till Jesus comes,  
 And the foul spirit flies.”

“ Beloved self must be denied—  
 The mind and will renew'd ;  
 Passion oppress'd and patience try'd,  
 And vain desires subdu'd.”

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“ Lord, how secure and blest are they,  
 Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin !  
 Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,  
 Their minds have heaven and peace within.”

“ How oft they look to heavenly hills,  
 Where streams of living pleasures flow ;  
 And longing hopes and cheerful smiles  
 Sit undisturb'd upon their brow !”



*Fight the good fight. 1 Tim. vi. 12—taking the shield of Faith --- and the Sword of the Spirit. Eph. vi. 16, 17.*

### THE CONQUERING CHRISTIAN.

A glorious Temple rises to our view,  
The conquering Christian fights his passage through,  
His dreadful foes who now attack him sore.  
False Shame behind, fell Unbelief before,  
And worldly Love—great idol here below,  
Unites to aid in Christian's overthrow;  
But he, courageous, takes at once the field,

Armed with his ancient, well-appointed shield ;  
A two-edged sword he wields, well known to fame,  
And prostrates at one blow the dastard Shame ;  
On Worldly Love he falls with many a blow,  
And soon he lays the usurping monster low.  
Now Unbelief, the champion of the rest,  
Enraged, bestirs him, and lays on his best ;  
A fearful thrust he makes at Christian's heart,  
The Shield of Faith receives the murd'rous dart ;  
With his good sword brave Christian wounds him sore,  
And out of combat he is seen no more ;  
Into the Temple now the Victor speeds,  
And Angel Minstrels chant his valiant deeds.

The above represents a man fighting his way toward a beautiful Palace ; it is his home. From various causes he has been long estranged from his paternal inheritance. He is by some means reminded of its endearing associations—of its ancient magnificence—of its voices of happiness and love ; pleasant things to delight the eye ; choral symphonies to enchant the ear ; rich viands to gratify the taste, are there. He becomes anxious to return ; he determines at once to regain possession of his mansion, or perish in the attempt. He meets with opposition ; the odds is fearful, three to one. His enemies do not absolutely deny his rights, yet they are determined to oppose him to the uttermost. He gives battle, and by dint of skill and courage, he routs his foes, gains a complete victory, and enters his home in triumph.

This allegory represents a part of the Christian warfare. The temple or palace signifies that glorious inheritance which the Almighty Father has bequeathed to all of his children. It contains all that can please, delight, or enchant the soul, and that forevermore. For it is an inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away. The Hero denotes a man who has decided to be a Chris-

tian. By the influence of the Holy Spirit on his heart, he is convinced of his outcast condition—of the impotency of created good to make him happy—of the insignificance of the things of time compared with those of eternity. Convinced of these, in the strength of grace, he says, "I will arise and go to my Father," and he goes accordingly. But he soon meets with enemies who powerfully oppose his progress, and among the first of these is

*Shame.* Our passions, or powers of feeling have been given to us by our benevolent Creator, to subserve our happiness, and shame among the rest.

"Art divine

Thus made the body tutor to the soul—  
Heaven kindly gives our blood a moral flow  
And bids it ascend the glowing cheek."

Shame stands as a sentinel to warn us of danger, and so put us on our guard. But all of our passions are perverted from their proper uses, and sin has done it. Therefore as man loves darkness rather than light—calls evil good and good evil—puts bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter—so also he changes the proper uses of shame. Instead of being ashamed of the bad, he is ashamed of the good. Shame is an enemy hard to conquer. The convert finds it so. He feels ashamed at first to be seen by his old companions, in company with the truly pious ; or going to a religious meeting—or on his knees praying—or in any way carrying the cross of Him whom he has now chosen to be his Master. Shame confronts him every where, and gives him to understand that for the most part, religious people are a poor, low, and ignorant set ; that no person of character will associate with them, etc. Christian remembers that what is highly esteemed among men is had in abom-

ination with God. That shame after all, is the promotion of fools only. Thus he vanquisheth shame by the sword of the Spirit even by the word of the Lord.

As soon as shame is disposed of, another foe appears—*Love of the world*. This consists in a greater attachment to this present world, than becomes one who is so soon to leave it and live forever in another. As the boy should learn what he may need when he shall become a man, so should the mortal acquire what it may need when it puts on immortality. The natural man is so strongly wedded to earthly objects, that to him the separation is impossible. Argument will not effect it. He may be convinced intellectually, that the things of earth are transitory and unsatisfying, yet he pursues them eagerly. His feelings may be lacerated by the death of some beloved relative, and his hopes blasted by the loss of property, still he cleaves to earth. The power of the Almighty alone can help him. He needs a new principle of feeling and of action; even that of faith that overcomes the world. Obtaining this principle, he looks not at the things that are seen, but at those which are unseen.

The genuine Christian convert has many conflicts ere he can set his affections on the things above. *Worldly Love* opposes him perseveringly; in his religious experience; in his self-denying duties; in his ....givings, and in his sufferings. The Christian, however, knows that he must conquer that foe, or perish—therefore he sets himself to meditate upon his duty—he searches the Scriptures—he finds that God's enemies are those who mind earthly things—he wishes not to join them—that the love of the world is hatred to God—if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him; and animated

by the example of Christ his Lord, who left heaven for man, he renounces earth for God. He dies to the world and lives to Christ. As a soldier of Jesus he fights under his banners, and comes off more than a conqueror through Him who has loved him.

*Unbelief* is a gigantic foe. He is indeed the champion of all the rest, peculiarly skillful and bold in his attacks. He knows how to shift his ground adroitly. Sometimes he assails vehemently, denying Christianity itself; nay, the very existence of the Almighty, declaring that "God is nature, and that there is no other god," and that "death is an eternal sleep." Thus by one stroke he would sweep away the being and attributes of the Eternal; the doctrines, promises and commandments of the word of God, man's responsibilities, and consequent duties. Were this stroke successful, it would deprive man of all happiness in this life, and of the consolations of hope in the life that is after death. It expels him a second time from paradise into a desert where not even thorns and briars spring up for his support.

Unbelief, however, does not always act so boldly. Sometimes he admits the existence of God, and the subject of religion in general, but denies that man owes duties to the former, or that he is interested in the latter. He will even approve of the form of religion, provided there is no power, no faith, no Holy Spirit in it. Unbelief in this form destroys thousands of immortal souls who profess Christ, yet not having true faith, in works deny him. He that believeth not shall be damned.

Sometimes unbelief attacks the Christian under the garb of benevolence. He pities and deplores most feelingly, the present evils that flesh is heir to. He promises you a terrestrial heaven. But, first, the present order of things must be abolished. All in-

stitutions, political and religious, must be abrogated. The foundations of society must be broken up—its frame-work dissolved—that is to say, a perfect chaos must be made, out of which shall arise a perfect paradise. You must first pass through a vast howling wilderness where no water is, and then (if indeed your carcass does not fall in the wilderness) you will be conducted into the promised land.

In these ways does unbelief make his onsets, suiting his methods to the dispositions of the age, or to the circumstances of individuals. The Christian repels them with the shield of faith, and the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God. He possesses the divine word which is full of promises, and that faith which is a deep conviction of things not seen, and the substance or foundation of things hoped for. Therefore he gives no quarter to unbelief; God hath spoken, it is enough. There is a mansion for him; he will possess it. His Saviour has conquered and reigns. He will conquer and reign also. He beholds by faith, a glorious mansion, a palm of victory, a song of triumph, a crown of life. Animated by the prospect, he fights his way through all his foes, and as he fights he sings—

“ The glorious crown of Righteousness,  
To me reached out, I view,  
Conqueror through Christ I soon shall rise,  
And wear it as my due.”



*Who gave himself a ransom for all.—1 Tim. ii. 6.*

#### THE IMPERIAL PHILANTHROPIST.

The hapless crew upon the reef are cast ;  
And round them rages wild the furious blast ;  
Deep calls to deep with wide-mouthed thundering roar,  
Loud beat the billows on the rock-bound shore ;  
Crash after crash is heard with fearful shock,  
As the boat dashes on the craggy rock.  
The affrighted crew nor skill nor courage have,  
To save their bark from the devouring wave ;

Russia's great Czar beholds them on the reef  
And nobly hastens to afford relief:  
Boldly he plunges in the boiling waves;  
And all the fury of the tempest braves,  
He leaps on board, and with a skillful hand,  
Through rocks and breakers, brings them safe to land.

WE have here a picture of danger and of deliverance. Peter the Great, Emperor of all the Russias, had been sailing in one of his yachts as far as the Ladoga Lake; finding himself refreshed by the sea-breeze, instead of landing at St. Petersburg, he sailed down the Neva toward the open sea of the gulph of Finland. The day had been very fine; toward evening, however, the weather suddenly changed; the Emperor resolved to land, but he had scarcely reached the shore, when the storm burst forth in all its fury. The waves rose and beat against the craggy rocks of the coast, and the wind roared from the wild sky with a thundering voice; in a few minutes a black cloud, let down like a curtain, hid the scene from view. Still, however, the Emperor looked and listened; he thought he heard the voice of distress mingling with the yell of the storm; his penetrating glance soon discovered a boat struggling against the rolling surge, that was driving it towards the furious breakers. The men, most of them being soldiers, are evidently at a loss what to do; presently the boat is dashed upon a reef; the sea breaks over it mountains high. The Emperor immediately sends a vessel to their aid, but in vain; the men on board want both skill and courage to execute the dangerous task. The poor men on the reef, seeing themselves deserted by their companions, rend the air with their piteous cries for help; the Emperor can contain himself no longer,—he springs into his own boat, calling on all who have hearts to dare for their brethren, to

follow him. By great exertions he reaches as near to the sufferers as the breakers will allow—he perceives that he is yet too far off to aid them—what they need is a skillful pilot—he plunges into the raging billows, bravely he buffets the mountain surge, now floating on the topmost wave, now sinking in the depths beneath ; soon he gains the boat,—he springs on board like a delivering angel. The men, resouled at sight of the Emperor risking his life to save them, renew their efforts—they soon get off the shoal into deep water, and the Emperor guides them skillfully through the rocks and shoals, and brings them safe to land.

Now he is overwhelmed with the grateful demonstrations of those whom he has saved from the jaws of destruction, and of those happy wives and children, who but for him would now have been orphans and widows ; he enjoys the luxury of doing good—he feels most truly that “it is more blessed to give than to receive.”

“ The quality of mercy is not strained ;  
“ It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
“ Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed ;  
“ It blesseth him who gives, and him who takes,  
“ 'T is mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
“ The throned monarch better than his crown.”

We admire, and very justly too, the surprising condescension, the tender compassion, the heroic courage, and the consummate skill of the Emperor of all the Russias, in risking his life for the sake of a few poor men—but what is this compared with the grace of our Lord and Saviour, “ *Jesus?* ” The Emperor lost nothing of his dignity in doing what he did ; he laid aside none of his titles ; he assumed not a lower rank ; in the boat, among the waves, and on the shoal, he was still an Emperor. But Jesus laid his glory by ; the glory that he had with the Father be-

fore the world was ; the glory resulting from creative power ; the glory of guiding the armies of earth and heaven ; the glory of eternity. "He emptied himself," "he made himself of no reputation." The master becomes a slave ; the king becomes a subject ; the maker of worlds becomes a creature ; the God becomes a worm ! How surprising this condescension ; how wonderful this humility :

" Bound every heart and every bosom burn."

And O, with what tender compassion Jesus pitied us, as he saw us exposed to the gulph of eternal death ! In the depths of our misery he exclaimed, "Behold ! I come," and immediately hastened to our relief. O how he weeps, groans, prays, and dies for us, and for our salvation ! He pities our ignorance—he groans for our unbelief—he weeps for the hardness of our heart—he dies for our guilt.

What heroic courage *He* displays in working out our deliverance ! How he grapples with the powers of darkness ! How he triumphs over temptation, poverty, and shame ! How he conquers principalities and thrones, making a show of them openly ! He wrests from death his dreadful sting, proves victorious over the grave, and opens the gates of Paradise to all believers. What divine wisdom, also, *He* manifests in the work of redemption ; in securing to man his liberty, and to God his glory. How skillfully the Saviour confutes all the sophistry of the devil ; how wonderfully he answers all the cavils of his adversaries. How, by his questions, does he take the wise in their own craftiness ! His laws fill with admiration the hearts of his worshippers. How skillfully he guides his followers through the rocks and shoals of temptation and sin, and lands them safely on the banks of deliverance. "Verily he hath done all things well." Hallelujah !

But for whom did the Saviour labor and suffer ? Peter risked his life for mortals like himself ; Jesus gave his for beings infinitely beneath him. Peter for his own soldiers, Jesus for those who were arrayed under the banner of his great foe ; Peter for his own subjects, Jesus for the subjects of another kingdom ; Peter rescued merely his friends, Jesus died for the salvation of his enemies. Herein is love, "God commendeth *His* love toward us in that while we were yet sinners," consequently enemies, "Christ died for us."

In the case before us—one rather of contrast than comparison—we see the men, re-spirited by the presence of their Emperor, come to save them, labor with all their might ; had they not done so, they could not have been saved, notwithstanding all the skill, power, and good will of their Prince. But we, alas ! stupid and ignorant as we are, when our Deliverer comes to our aid, are found questioning his skill, denying his power, and disbelieving his kind intentions ; instead of working "out our own salvation," with fear and trembling, while he works in us, helping us both to will and to do of his good pleasure.

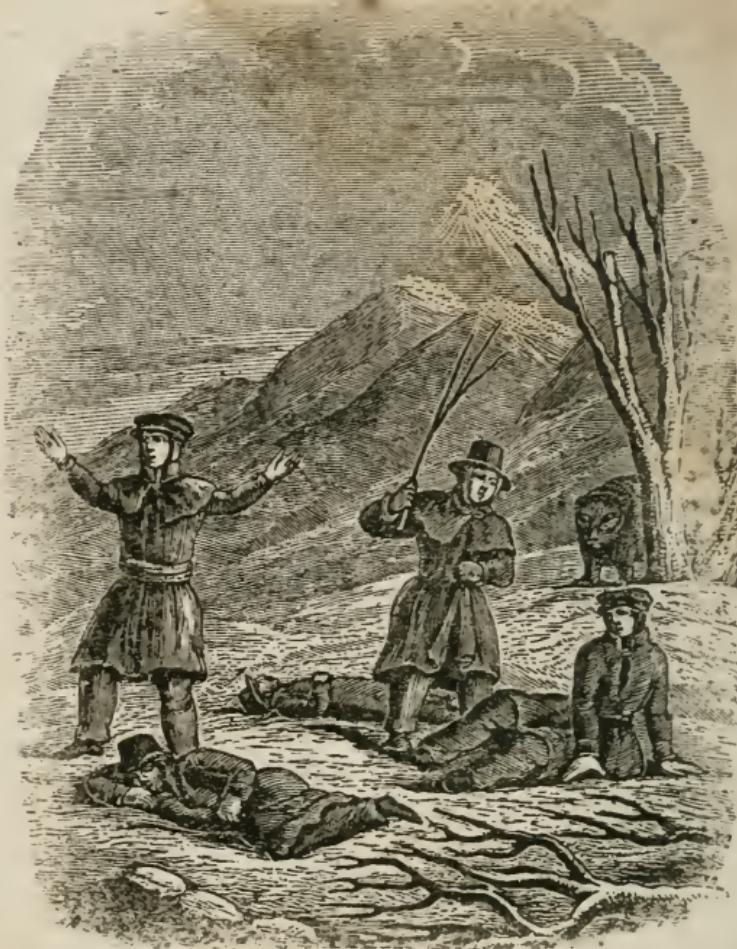
Those who were saved from death by the philanthropic Emperor, showered upon him every demonstration of gratitude ; they invoked eternal blessings on his head, and devoted their lives to his service ; and shall not we be grateful to our Spiritual deliverer ? His name ought to be to us above every name. His name Salvation is ; to the man that believes, Christ is precious—he meditates upon his wondrous love, upon his unparalleled condescension, upon his heroic courage, upon his tender compassion, and upon his divine wisdom, until the fire of grateful emotion burns within him, and he presents himself a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable before the Lord, saying—

“ Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small ;  
Love so amazing ! so divine !  
Demands my life, my soul, my all.”

And he devotes himself accordingly to the service of his King and Saviour. As a good subject, he will obey His laws, and seek to promote the peace and prosperity of his kingdom ; as a good soldier, he will follow his Captain through every danger, and every death, and having gained the victory, he will ground his arms at Jesus' feet, and so be ever with the Lord.

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The following is a noble instance of genuine philanthropy, where a person risked and actually lost his life for the salvation of others :—A Dutch East Indiaman was wrecked in a terrible tempest off the Cape of Good Hope ; the sailors were every instant perishing for want of assistance. An old man, named Woltemad, by birth an European, and who was at this time a resident of an island off the coast, heard the lamentations of the distressed crew and hastened to their relief. The noble Dutchman borrowed a horse and proceeded to the wreck, with a view of saving at least some of their number ; he returned safe with two of the unfortunate sufferers, and repeated this dangerous trip six times, each time bringing with him two men, and thus saved in all fourteen persons. The horse was by this time so much exhausted, that the man did not think it prudent to venture out again ; but the entreaties of the poor sufferers increasing, he ventured one trip more, which proved so unfortunate that he lost his own life ; for on this occasion too many rushed upon him at once, some catching hold of the horse's tail, and others of the bridle, by which means the horse, wearied out, and too heavily laden, was overwhelmed by the billows, and all drowned together. The East India Company impressed with so noble an instance of philanthropy, ordered a monument to be erected to his memory.



*Therefore let us not sleep, as do others ; but let us watch and be sober.—  
1 Thes. v. 6.*

### THE WINTRY ATMOSPHERE.

The icy mountains here lift up on high  
 Their barren peaks, toward the arctic sky ;  
 Terrific regions, where grim Winter reigns,  
 And bends the whirlwind in his frosty chains.  
 All life has fled, save where the shaggy beast  
 Prowls with intent on human blood to feast ;

'T is nature's tomb ; no living voice is heard,  
Of murmuring brook, nor cheerful warbling bird  
No leafy tree, nor smiling fields of green,  
Nor corn luxuriant waving, here is seen.  
In this cold clime some mariners are found,—  
Two, froze to death, lie stretched upon the ground ;  
Others, more wise, to keep themselves awake,  
They leap and shout, and strive their friends to wake.  
One plies the rod—yet from all anger free—  
To rouse his neighbor from his lethargy ;  
Death of his prey, while thus engaged, he cheats,  
And finds himself revive the more he beats.  
These work and live, although the conflict's sore,  
The rest they slumber and awake no more.

HERE we have a picture of the Polar regions ; the accumulating masses of ice raise to the sky their snowy summits. The formation, perhaps, of future icebergs. Here Winter sits securely upon his throne of desolation. Unmolested by the Solar King, he sways his icy scepter. The very winds are hushed to silence by his power ; a desolate and terrible region. It is the sheeted sepulcher of Nature deceased. No signs of life are seen, except the Polar beast, fitted for his dreary abode. No sound of rippling brook, nor voice of joyous bird echoes through the icy cliffs. To bless the eye, no leafy forests wave to the breeze. No cheerful fields of living green appear. To bless the heart, no rising corn, the all-sustaining food of man, bends with its weight of wealth. In this inhospitable climate, man, if he possess not a stout heart, soon dies. A drowsiness steals over him. He feels a very great inclination to lay down, then cold chills, throughout his life's blood, slowly creep. He sinks into a lethargy from which he never more awakes.

In the picture are seen a few mariners who are thrown into this unfriendly climate. Two of them, in consequence of giving way to their drowsy feel-

ings, have fallen asleep. It is the slumber of the grave. The others, aware of the deadly influence of intense cold, exert themselves to keep it off. They leap about and cry aloud. They are alarmed for their companions. They strive to arouse them from their dangerous sleep. One perceiving his friend to have some signs of life in him, procures a rod ; he lays it on unsparingly ; he finds himself benefitted by the exercise ; he continues it ; he is successful ; he saves the life of his friend ; they continue actively employed until deliverance appears. Thus, their lives are preserved. The rest, cast into the deep sleep of death, are left to the beasts of prey.

*The wintry atmosphere* represents that spiritual declension that too frequently happens. Piety is in danger of freezing to death. The church has gone too far north. The thermometer of holiness has sunk almost to zero. The sun of righteousness casts but a few feeble flickering rays athwart the gloom profound. Fearful state indeed ! The stillness of spiritual death prevails. The shaggy one alone is alive and active. "He goeth about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." The voice of prayer is hushed. No joyful hallelujahs break the monotony of the awful solitude. Doctrine and discipline are neglected. Even the all-sustaining word of God is forsaken. Melancholy position ! She will soon become a mere iceberg, dashing herself and others into oblivion. It has sometimes occurred, that by the faithful prayers and active labors of *one* saint, the church has been brought out of the wintry atmosphere, and been saved. This *one* living disciple brings the whole church to Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness, and keeps her there by faith, until the whole tide of *His* rays fall full upon her. Her frozen heart now begins to thaw ; soon it melts into peni-

tence and love; now the voice of prayer breaks forth as the morning; the song of praise again mounts upwards; God's house is filled with worshippers; ministers are clothed with salvation; converts are multiplied, and the sons of God shout aloud for joy.

*The wintry atmosphere* may furthermore denote the condition of individual Christians when thrown into the society of the wicked, when compelled in the order of providence to dwell in the "tents of Kedar." In the absence of the genial influences of religious ordinances, the freezing influences of ungodly principles and practices prevail. Infidelity itself may perhaps lift up its daring front, and defy the God of the armies of Israel; deny the inspiration of the sacred page, and laugh the Christian to scorn as a weak enthusiast. If unwatchful, the professor will at first fall a prey to the stupor of indifference. Then the chilling influence of sin will creep over him; the life's blood of his piety is arrested in its course; heart and intellect are benumbed; Faith, Hope and Love are now but indistinct images of the past. He is in danger of spiritual death.

As in the engraving, we see one arousing his companions with a rod or stick, so the Christian should endeavor to awaken his brother when he sees him falling beneath the influence of a wicked atmosphere. He may possess more Christian experience, or more spiritual understanding; he has a stronger faith, or is better acquainted with the wiles of the devil; these are so many gifts or graces, that he is in duty bound to exert for the salvation of his brother; hence he is to exhort and admonish him with all long-suffering and faithfulness. If this fails, he is to reprove, nay, to "rebuke him sharply," and in no wise to suffer sin upon his brother. Though it may seem harsh, yet he is to persevere as long as any signs of life re-

main, lest he perish for whom Christ died ; he will tell him of the danger to which he exposes his immortal soul, of the reproach he will bring upon religion if he falls into sin, of the wounds he will again inflict upon the sacred heart of Jesus ; that he will cover heaven with sackcloth, and make hell echo with exultations of fiendish delight—he will not spare in order to arouse him from his slumber. With the hammer of God's word he will strike him, with the sword of God's Spirit he will pierce him, and with the fuel of God's love, he will enkindle a fire round about him. He is successful—soon the sleeper moves—he melts—he weeps—he prays ; in his gratitude he exclaims, "Let the righteous smite me, it is an excellent oil unto me," faithful are the wounds of a friend ! Thus the active Christian, by his perseverance, under God, saves a soul from death, and hides a multitude of sins.

Most beneficial, also, has the exercise been to himself ; it has proved the means of his own safety ; by it he has been kept watchful and prayerful ; his gifts and graces have been strengthened ; the more he labored for his brother, the more he was blessed in his own soul. So true is the promise, "He that watereth others, shall be watered also himself."

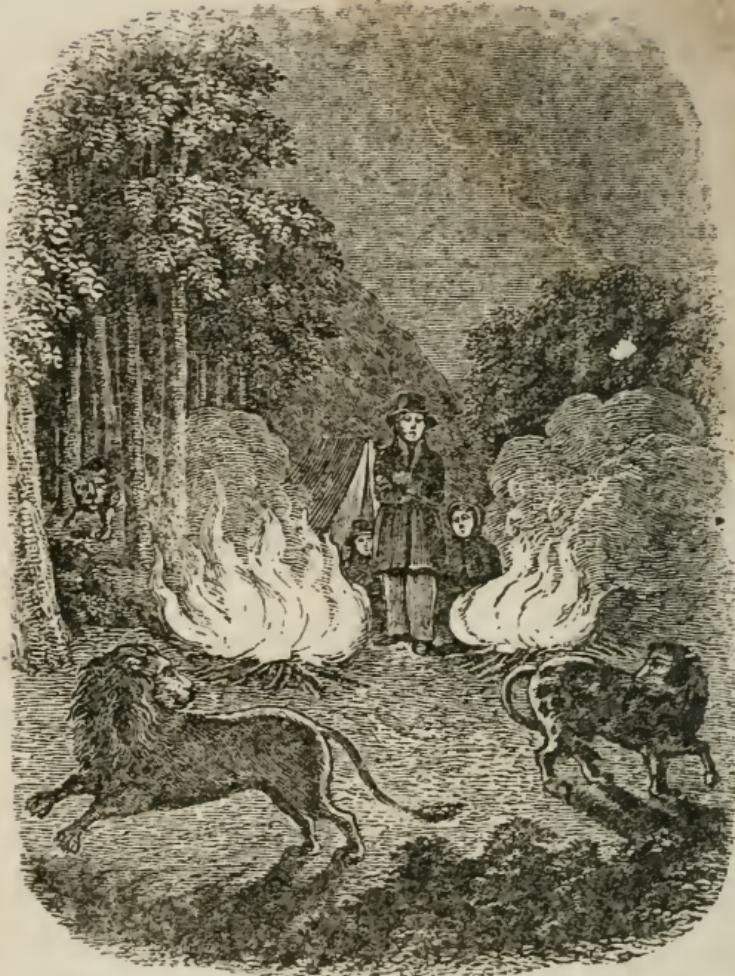
*The Wintry Atmosphere* is such a dangerous region that the Almighty himself becomes, as it were, alarmed for the safety of his children, when he sees them exposed to its influence ; he uses the rod of correction in order to keep them awake—he uses it in love—whom he loveth he chasteneth. *Woe ! woe !* unto us, when He commands the ministers of affliction to "let us alone." Poverty, reproach, sickness and death, are employed by our heavenly Father as instruments of correction—yet they are blessings in disguise. He gives us *poverty* in time, that we may

be invested with the riches of eternity :—reproach, that we may receive the plaudits of the King Eternal :—sickness of body that the soul may flourish in immortal health :—*Death*, to usher us into Life, into his immediate presence, that where *He* is there we may be also. God's children have borne witness in time, and they will bear witness to all eternity, “That it was good for them to have been afflicted.”

“ Long unafflicted, undismayed ,  
In pleasure's path secure I strayed ;  
Thou mad'st me feel the chastening rod,  
And straight I turned unto my God,  
What though it pierced my fainting heart,  
I blessed the hand that caused the smart,  
I taught my tears awhile to flow,  
But saved me from eternal woe.”

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“ In sable cincture, shadows vast,  
Deep-tinged and damp, and congregated clouds,  
And all the vapory turbulence of heaven,  
Involve the face of things. Thus winter falls,  
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,  
Through Nature shedding influence malign.”  
“ Ocean itself no longer can resist  
The binding fury ; but, in all its rage  
Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,  
Is many a fathom to the bottom chained,  
And bid to roar no more :— a bleak expanse,  
Shagged o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless and void  
Of every life, that from the dreary months  
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they !  
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,  
Take their last look of the descending sun ;  
While, full of death, and fierce with ten-fold frost,  
The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,  
Falls horrible.”—*Thompson.*



*For I saith the Lord will be . . . . a wall of fire round about.* Zec. ii. 5

### THE PROTECTED TRAVELER.

'T is night,—the Traveler with labor spent,  
Beneath the forest's shade has pitched his tent ;  
He and his household soon are fast asleep,  
Their toilsome journey makes their slumbers deep .  
Above their heads the stars are glowing bright,  
Like diamonds sparkling on the breast of night ;  
This is the signal for the savage beast  
To roam the forest for his bloody feast ;

Leopards and lions round the tent now prowl,  
And wake the woodland with their fearful howl ;  
The Traveler, startled at the dreadful sound,  
A blazing fire soon kindles all around ;  
The monsters see it, and with horrid roar,  
Rush through the thicket and appear no more.

As when Elisha, 'mid the Syrian band,  
Saw sword and spear arrayed on every hand,  
In gracious answer to the prophet's prayer,  
Angelic banners flashed upon the air ;  
Jehovah's armies round about him came  
With burning chariots and steeds of flame ;  
The fiery seraphs circled all his path,  
And kept him safely from the Syrian's wrath.

In these days of emigration, multitudes are continually leaving the homes of their fathers for distant climes. The populous cities of the old world are traversed ; the broad blue ocean is traversed ; the vast forests of the new world are traversed, in order to find a home of peace and plenty. The engraving shows a family tended and guarded for the night. The travelers, weary with the day's journey, seek a commodious place whereon to pitch their tent. The sun already begins to sink below the horizon ; the shadows lengthen, and night, silent and majestic, assumes her empire over the earth. Stars of glittering beauty bespangle her bosom and reflect their brilliancy on the broad leaves of the forest. The travelers retire to rest ; wooed by fatigue, " balmy sleep" soon lights upon their eyelids ; their slumbers are deep ; but they are soon to be disturbed ; night gives the signal for the beasts of prey to come forth from their dens ; hungry and thirsty for blood they come ; roaming, ravening, and roaring they come ; the woods echo their fearful howlings ; they scent out the travelers ; they surround the tent ; they clamor loudly for its inmates ; dreadful is the confusion ; the beasts growl and fight with each other, that each might have the

prey to himself—the travelers awake in trembling distress. One of them has heard of the effect of fire upon wild beasts; while they are quarrelling, he quickly lights his brand, puts it to some dry leaves, and kindles a blaze; to this he adds more fuel, nor ceases heaping it on till he has encircled the tent with flames. His efforts are successful; the wild beasts are now affrighted, and roaring dreadfully with fear and rage, they rush impetuously through the trees, and come near the tent no more.

The preservation of the traveler from the fury of the wild beasts by means of fire, represents the preservation of the Christian from the attacks of Satan and his helpers, by the Almighty. Among the Jews, and many other ancient nations, fire was regarded as emblematical of the Deity, and indeed not without reason, for on several well authenticated instances did the Almighty manifest himself under the appearance of fire. Moses was summoned before a court of fire to receive his commission as deliverer of Israel. God was in the fire. In their flight from Egypt, and after travels in the desert, the Israelites were guided by a column of fire. Their salvation and the Egyptians' overthrow, for Jehovah was there. In his reception of the sacrifices and prayers of his people, God answered by fire. When He gave his law upon the terrible Mount, he spake out of the midst of the fire. And when long after he would re-publish his law to all nations, the commission of the Apostles as the deliverers of the world, was crowned with fire, God was with them, and to be with them to the end of the world.

The Christian is a traveler; he is traveling through the wilderness of this world; he will pass through it only once; in whatever part of the wilderness he pitches his tent, he is safe from all the open attacks

of his foes ; his faith, love and obedience, secure to him the protection of the Almighty. He is holy in heart and life ; holiness tends to God's glory, and upon "the glory there is a defence ;" this is the glory that dwells in the midst of him, and where this is, there will be also "the wall of fire round about." The celestial fire burning between the Cherubim in the Jewish temple, but shadowed forth him in whose heart Christ dwells by faith,—the living "temple of the Holy Spirit."

Since his expulsion from the realms of light, the Devil has hated with perfect hatred every symbol of Jehovah's presence and glory ; he hates the light—he is the prince of darkness—he is the great extinguisher, putting out the light of truth and holiness as often as he can effect it ; he thought to extinguish the "Light of the World," by nailing it to a tree, but in so doing he only broke into pieces the vase that contained it, causing it to shine forth with brilliancy, and to fill the whole earth with glory.

The great adversary is spoken of as "going about" the world as a roaring lion "seeking whom he may devour ;" once, when prowling about on this wise, he met with one of the saints of God, whom he desired to worry and devour, but behold ! there was a hedge of burning bushes all around him. In vain he tried to get at him ; though used to fire, he could not stand the fire of love and holiness—he knew very well too, that no one could put out this fire, demolish this burner, except the man himself. Satan is permitted to tempt ; he lays his plots with hellish ingenuity ; he executes them with cruelty worthy of a devil ; to destroy this man of God, he called into his service the pestilence, the sword, the tornado, and the lightning. The lightning came and did its work—the sword came and did its work—the pestilence came and did

its work—the tornado came and did its work,—yet the man of God is safe ; he lives in his integrity ; the hedge of fire around him burns higher and brighter, and becomes a beacon of hope to all the children of men. The devil, discomfited, leaves him, and flees away to his own place, because “Job sinned not nor charged God foolishly.”

In like manner every child of God is surrounded by a divine protection ; the servants of Satan are just like their master, they hate the light, and him that brings it ; but were they to beset him, as the Assyrian army beset the prophet Elisha, he would be safe. The chariots of fire, and the horses of fire, with Seraphim and Cherubim, would encompass him. He may lay him down in peace—a wall of fire protects him, high as heaven, deeper than hell, wide as eternity—fire ! fire ! fire ! formless, impetuous, mysterious, and devouring fire, is his safeguard and trust.

As the traveler by building a fire protects not himself only, but all who are in the tent, so the Christian, by his faith, love and obedience, secures the protection and blessing of God upon all his household. “I will show mercy,” saith the Holy One of Isræl, “unto thousands of generations of those that love me and keep my commandments ;” and one who had lived long in the world, and had seen much of it, declared, “I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his posterity begging bread.”

The traveler may put out his fire without water—he can do it by omitting to supply it with fuel, or by casting earth upon it, thereby smothering it, and thus expose himself and others with him to all the dangers of the forest. So the Christian may extinguish the fire of Almighty protection, the light of the Holy Spirit ; he may do so, too, without employing the waters of transgression—he may do it by withholding

the proper fuel, by "leaving off to do good," by neglecting the means of grace. He may do it by casting earth upon it, by letting the world gain the ascendancy in his heart and affections—the love of the world will put out the fire, "quench the Spirit," and leave the man again exposed to the malice of the evil one.

In the Book of the Prophets we read of some who "kindle a fire" and walk in the light thereof, who yet "lie down in sorrow," they are not safe; these may be the self-righteous—the mere nominal professor, who builds a fire with the wood, hay, and stubble, of his own performances; it lacks the heat of love and holiness—God is not in it. Satan heeds it not—he breaks through it as easily as a lion through a cobweb, and seizes upon the defenceless sinner for a prey.

Of others it is said that they "encompass themselves about with sparks" merely; this may mean those who esteem themselves good enough already, good naturally—hence they have no need of performances of any kind. The man of this class neglects, as useless, the light of truth, and faith, and the fire of love; he can dispense with Bible, Priest and Temple; he lies down in peril—the devil don't mind a few sparks.

It was a custom among the ancient highlanders of Scotland, when they would arouse the people for any great purpose, to send throughout the land a cross dipped in blood; wherever the cross was received, there the people immediately kindled a blazing fire, hence it was called "the Fire Cross." The blood-stained Cross of Christ has been sent and is now going throughout the world; the purpose for which it is sent, the greatest of all achievements; wherever it is received, a fire is kindled amid the surrounding darkness. The fire of a Saviour's love, the fire of Almighty power,

"Jesus' love the nation's fires,  
" Sets the kingdoms in a blaze."

Hasten! O hasten! ye who bear the cross, ye ministers of his that do his pleasure! carry round "*the Cross*," until a fire shall be kindled every where, and the whole earth be filled with the glory of God.



*For ye are bought with a price.—1 Cor. vi. 20. Those that seek me early shall find me.—Prov. viii. 17.*

#### THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

Behold, the slave with joyful beaming eyes,  
Holds up to view his glorious glittering prize ;  
A pearl, more precious than its weight in gold ;  
The price of Freedom, and of bliss untold :  
The prince who promised the auspicious meed,  
From his rich palace hasten down with speed ;

With his own hand—unrolled that all may see—  
The title-deed presents of Liberty.

The slave may enter now that mansion fair,  
A slave no longer, but a rightful heir.

So when the sinner by Apoliyon bound,  
The priceless pearl of Gospel grace has found ;  
He breaks his chains, and into Freedom springs,  
No more a slave, he ranks with priests and kings ;  
By the great Lord of All, to him 't is given,  
To be his child on earth, and heir on heaven.

A CERTAIN Prince, desirous of adorning his coronet with a pearl of the greatest value, promises Liberty to any one of his slaves who shall find one of a certain number of carats ; the Prince owns, upon his manor, a "Fishery," where the slaves, at proper seasons of the year, dive for pearls. The usual mode of operation is as follows : The divers, throwing off their clothes, dress themselves in complete suits of white cotton ; this is to protect their bodies from the contact of the medusae, or sea-nettles ; then, each diver letting himself over the side of the boat, places his feet upon a stone, which is held by the seibor, or puller up. On his left arm he carries a small basket to hold the oysters he may collect—(the pearl is found in the fleshy part, near the joint of the shell)—then closing his nostrils with a piece of elastic horn, he gives the signal with his arm, and is immediately lowered down ; the stone enables him to sink without difficulty. Here, in a period varying from thirty to a hundred seconds, he employs himself in filling his basket ; as soon as this is done, or if he wants breath, he jerks the rope, and is immediately hauled to the surface.

In the engraving is seen the fortunate slave, who has secured the prize ; as soon as he discovers his good fortune, forsaking boat and basket, he leaps overboard and makes toward the shore, exclaiming

“I’ve found it! I’ve found it!” Others shout with him; the Prince, his master, hears the tumult, and learning the cause, repairs without delay to the bank of the river, to receive the pearl, and to bestow on the finder the promised reward—where, in the presence of all, he reads his deed of manumission, and proclaims him *free*. And he is free—his head, and heart, and hands, are now his own; he is now free.

Happy man; Liberty, fair sister of Piety, has stooped upon the wing to bless him; nor is this all—he is free to call his former master *Abba*, that is, father, and his mistress, *Imma*, that is, mother; he is, according to custom, adopted as a son—his future path is irradiated with knowledge, wisdom, and happiness.

By the slave finding the costly pearl, and obtaining thereby his liberty, is signified the sinner, who finds “the Kingdom of Heaven,” or who, in other words, experiences religion; this puts him into possession of a liberty more precious than gold, and more to be desired than fine gold:—

A liberty unsung  
By Poets, and by Senators unpraised;  
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers  
Of earth and hell confederate, take away:  
A liberty which persecution, fraud,  
Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind;  
Which, who so tastes, will be enslaved no more.

This is the liberty of Gospel salvation; a sinner is a slave—a slave not to one master, but to many, who exercise over him a cruel despotism. Satan takes the lead in tyrannizing over him; it is true he is a willing slave, but not the less a slave for that,

for let him but try to free himself from his power, and he at once feels that he is bound ; Satan is his lord and master, he says to him “ go, and he goeth, come, and he cometh, do this, and he doeth it.” He is a captive, led about just as the devil pleases. Miserable bondage ! *Sin* has dominion over him, forbidden objects control his passions, and his passions control his will ; he is enslaved to the law of sin, he is chained to “ this body of death.” *Sin* wields over him its scepter with despotic sway, “ he is sold under *sin* ;” even when he would do good, evil is present with him. Again, he is a slave to the terrors of the law ; mount Sinai still stands, giving forth its dreadful voice of many thunders, and emitting its flashes of devouring fire ; he stands quaking and trembling beneath its fearful brow. He is also “ subject to bondage through fear of death ;” although he may make a show of courage, when among his guilty companions, over the bottle, or in the battle-field, yet he dreads his approach ; his very image embitters his sweetest pleasure, and makes him miserable. These are some of the lords that exercise dominion over the poor sinner ; verily he is bound !

The King of Holiness offers liberty to the sinner, on condition that he exercise “ repentance toward God, and faith in Jesus Christ ;” thus runs the proclamation. The slave who found the pearl was obedient ; what did he know at first about pearls ? he might have argued, with himself at least, that it was impossible that such uncouth, muddy oysters, could contain such priceless gems, and so have given up the idea, and with it freedom ; but he sought in the manner prescribed, and found—thus his obedience secured an ample reward.

Salvation is found only by those who seek aright. That the sinner might not lose his labor, the Al-

mighty Lord tells him *where* it may be found ; he tells him to look for it in *His* word, in *his* house and ordinances ; he tells him *how* he is to conduct the search—he is to lay aside his self-righteousness and put on sackcloth ; he is to descend into the depths of humility, and there, by earnest, persevering prayer, and living faith, to seek until he finds—and the promise is, “ If thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasure, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God.”

But who shall describe the glorious liberty of the children of God. Satan reigns and tyrannizes over them no longer ; his chain is broken, his allegiance is renounced ; he is no longer the proud conqueror, leading his captive in chains ; he lies bruised beneath the Christian’s feet—he may threaten, but he cannot harm ; he may tempt, but he cannot compel.

He who finds gospel freedom is delivered from the dominion of sin ; his understanding is now enlightened, the darkness of ignorance has passed, the true light now shines ; his mind is now free—free to do good. He takes pleasure in righteousness. “ O,” he exclaims, “ how I love thy law ! ” Henceforth the testimonies of Jehovah are the songs of his rejoicing in the house of his pilgrimage ; in him the promise is fulfilled, “ Sin shall not have dominion over you.”

From the curse of the law, moreover, he is free. Jesus has been made a curse for him—there is, therefore, now no condemnation ; for him the fires of Sinai no longer burn ; Jesus has quenched them with his blood—for him its voice of many thunders is forever hushed—Jesus has whispered, “ peace, be still.” Death has now for him no more terrors—Death is a vanquished enemy, he is numbered among his gains. Why should he fear who has beheld “ the burst gates—the demolished throne—the crushed sting—the last

gasp of vanquished death?" Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

O, the glorious liberty of the children of God! The slave has become a son; he may now call God Abba, Father, and the church Iunma, Mother; he is now an heir of God and fellow-heir with Jesus Christ—he receives a clear title-deed to mansions in the skies. Heaven for him

Opens wide  
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound  
On golden hinges turning.

He is now free to see the king in his beauty, to see *Him* as he *is* who loved him and gave himself for him—to hold converse with angels and archangels, with all the holy, and the wise. "Glorious liberty" indeed! wondrous freedom! he is free to explore the regions of immortality and love; and as the years of interminable duration roll onward, he will live yet more free.

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"All hail, triumphant Lord,  
Who sav'st us with thy blood;  
Wide be thy name ador'd,  
Thou rising, reigning God,  
With thee we rise,  
With thee we reign,  
And empires gain  
Beyond the skies."



*Blessed are your eyes for they see.* Matt. xiii. 16. *And to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.* Eph. iii. 19.

#### THE GREAT DISCOVERY.

When brave Balboa gained the mountain's height,  
A glorious prospect burst upon his sight ;  
The great Pacific stretched before him lies,  
And fills with new delight his ravished eyes ;  
O sight sublime ! It meets the distant sky,  
The splendid image of eternity.  
He gazes on that sea, his hope of old,

Whose waters wander by the realms of gold ;  
Visions of wealth and glory fill his mind,  
And he forgets the toils he left behind.  
The dream is realized ! that dream sublime,  
That bore him onward through each deadly clime  
O'er burning mountains and o'er stormy main,  
Through death and danger, far from ancient Spain,  
His bursting heart adores that mighty Power  
That brought him safely to behold this hour ;  
He prostrate falls, his grateful homage pays,  
And to the God of heaven devoutly prays.

ABOVE is portrayed the great discovery of the Pacific Ocean, made by Balboa, a Spanish Cavalier. Balboa had for some time settled down in Hispaniola. Here he cultivated a farm, but hearing of an expedition that was about to set out for the west, he determined to join it. He was greatly in debt, and the governor had issued a proclamation forbidding debtors to leave the Island. Balboa, however, was resolved to go. He caused himself to be rolled on board of one of the vessels in a cask. He did not make his appearance until the ship was far out to sea. The commander at first threatens to send him back—but the ship pursued her way. He quickly rose into favor ; became governor of the colony planted at the Isthmus, and distinguished himself by the talents of command. Rumors of the golden country still farther westward continued to inflame the minds of the Spaniards. Distance, disease, mountains covered with eternal snows, and oceans tossed by perpetual storms, could no longer restrain them. Balboa took the lead of the expedition and pushed on to conquest. Many of the Indian tribes are to be conquered. These brave but defenseless warriors soon fall before the arms of the Spaniards, who, the more blood they shed, the more they thirst for gold. An alliance is formed with a powerful Cacique, who sends Balboa

a rich present in gold and slaves. On the daring Spaniard leads his soldiers. Indian tribes are conquered, mountain difficulties are passed, and burning, sickly regions traversed. Now the moment is at hand when he is to be more than recompensed for all his labors. The misty summits of the hills rise before him. One of these is pointed out to him as the object of his search. He commands his troops to halt. He himself ascends alone, with his drawn sword. Having reached the top, he casts his eyes round ; the Pacific spreads out before him ; imbued with the religion of his country, he falls on his knees weeping, and offers thanks to God for permitting him to see this glorious sight. On his return to Darien, the whole population poured forth to meet him. They hailed him as the glory of Spain ; as the gift of heaven sent to guide them into the possession of honors and riches incalculable.

The *Pacific Ocean*, and its discovery by the bold Spaniard, may serve to illustrate the ocean of God's love, and the joyful feelings of him who, for the first time, discovers it. The sinner is settled down in his sins ; he is employed in cultivating Satan's husbandry ; "he is sowing to the flesh." He hears of a revival of religion, of an expedition heavenward ; he is determined to join it ; he is in debt ; dead in trespasses and in sins. Satan, his governor, will not permit him to quit. He hedges up his way round about him. He is however resolved to join the expedition that is bound for Heaven. By a violent effort he escapes and joins the converts. He is decided ; he seeks earnestly the salvation of his soul ; his way is now beset with difficulties ; enemies appear on every hand to impede his progress ; his old companions come to entice him ; his old sins come to tempt him, and his old master strides before him the whole breadth of the way

He now strengthens his alliances with the children of God. He receives sometimes some gracious tokens of the divine favor ; he is encouraged to persevere ; on he goes, weeping—praying—wrestling—fighting. His old companions are silenced ; his sins no longer have dominion over him, and Satan falls like lightning from heaven. Now the time of triumph is near, when he will be more than paid for all he has endured. His heavenly guide directs him to the object of his inquiries. He ascends alone the mount—the sacred mount of Calvary. He casts his eyes around ; the peaceful ocean of Almighty love spreads out before him ; there it lays, covering all time and extending to eternity ; immense—boundless—overwhelming.

When this Almighty sea of love  
His rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, he's lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

All is *peaceful*, above—below—within—around. He has *peace* with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. A peace which passeth all understanding fills his breast. He is at peace with man and beast. It is as the opening of the gate of heaven to his soul. An immense region of truth, divine truth, is laid bare to his view. A new and heavenly light flashes over his mind. Old things have passed away, and all things have become new.

On this mount of vision he discovers that God is *Love* ; not only lovely and loving, but *Love* ; nothing but love. In his nature and operations love ; pure, unexampled love. Here he beholds the Son of God ; the maker of earth ; the well beloved of heaven, suffering and dying for him—for all—for a world of sinners. For the foulest of the foul, *He* dies. He beholds with astonishment the tokens of his love.

Earth is suddenly arrested in her retrograde motion, and rolled back again to God. Strange darkness covers the world, that all might henceforth be light forever; the opened sepulchres proclaim life and immortality. Here he beholds a new and living way cast up; a high way from earth to heaven, and countless multitudes leaving behind them the badges of their guilt, pollution, and wretchedness, and washed and clothed in the robes of salvation, ascend thereon. Forward they go, each one walking in his uprightness. A cloud overshadows them for a little while,—that is death. Soon they ascend toward the gates of the heavenly city. Now the golden portals are lifted up, and the children of glory enter in. A multitude that none can number are thus ransomed from hell and the grave, and all through the love of God in Christ Jesus. Behold what manner of love is this, that the Father has bestowed on us, that we should be called the sons of God. Well might the rapt poet sing—

I rode on the sky,  
Freely justified I,  
Nor envied Elijah his seat;  
My soul mounted higher,  
In a chariot of fire,  
And the moon it was under my feet.

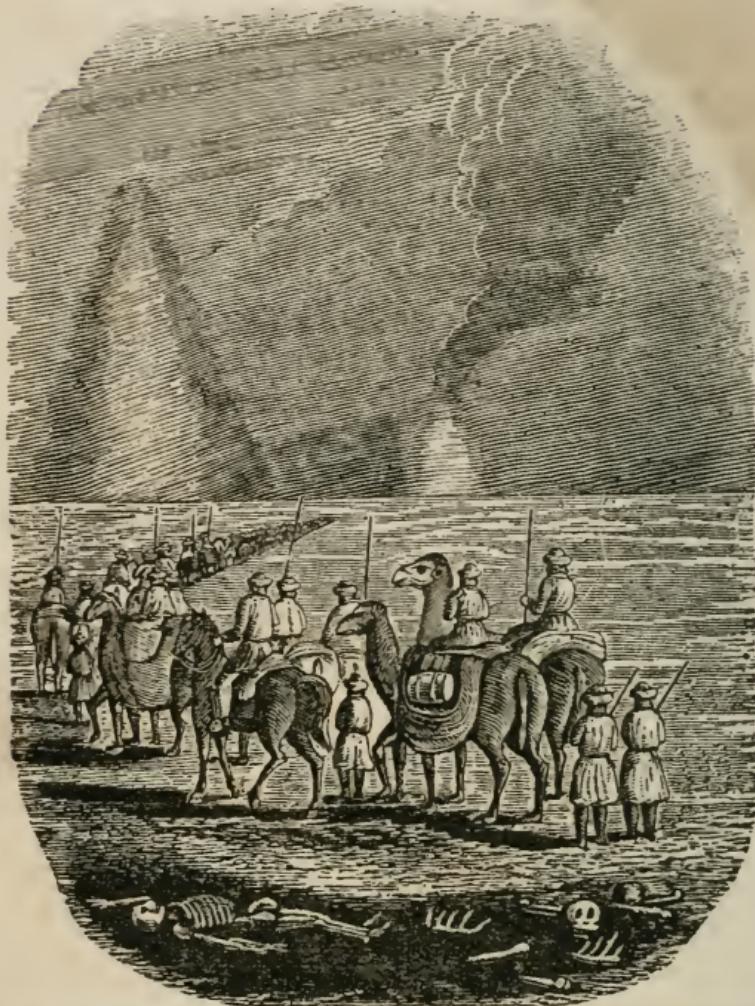
An indifferent spectator walking far beneath Balboa, seeing him prostrate on the mount, and with uplifted hands offering his thanksgiving, might have laughed him to scorn for a madman, or have pitied him for his weakness. He may not have been so high. He knows not that the ocean exists. He perhaps denies its existence altogether. Thus it often happens to the man of the world when he sees converts having tasted that the Lord is gracious, give vent to their feelings in a lively manner; or when

he hears experienced Christians discourse on the love of God, it is foolishness to him. He considers the persons so acting, to be "beside themselves," or very weak minded. He may perhaps deny altogether the existence of vital godliness and religious experience, yet if the skeptic would but "come and see" for himself, he would confess that "the half was not told him."

In order to make his great discovery, Balboa had to rise above the world. So it behooves him who would discover the great pacific of eternal love, to rise above sublunary things; especially must he surmount the fogs of prejudice, the mists of ignorance, and the clouds of unbelief which surround the surface of the earth.

Having made his discovery, the Spaniard was at once rewarded with honor and glory. He looked upon the past with contempt, as not worthy to be compared with the splendor that awaited him. So he feels who realizes that God is love. He is clad with the "*Best Robe*." He looks with disgust on the past. He hates the vain pomps and glories of the earth; is astonished at his infatuation, in being so taken up with them; and yet what he now possesses is but as the drop to the teeming shower. The wealth of eternity awaits him.

Balboa could not explore his vast prize. Had he traversed the ocean till this time, he would have gone over only a small portion of it; much of it he would never see. Realms of gold lay glittering upon its placid margin. Mines of wealth lay hidden beneath its purple wave. He had but found the key of this magazine of wealth. So the discoverer of Almighty love can know but little of his precious prize while here below. Boundless—fathomless—endless, it spreads out before him, and will ever spread. Here he merely sips of its overflowings. He has but discovered the key of this treasure-house of love. O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and goodness of God!



*They wandered in deserts.—Heb. xi. 38. For here we have no continuing city, but seek one to come.—Heb. xiii. 14.*

#### PASSAGE THROUGH THE DESERT.

Amid the arid desert's burning sands,  
The Caravan proceeds, in various bands ;  
Jew, Frank, and Mussulman, in search of gain,  
Unite to traverse the destructive plain.  
The desert drear, more terrible to brave,  
Than furious tempest, on the ocean wave :

The sky a molten dome of quiv'ring heat ;  
The earth a furnace, glows beneath the feet ;  
The wild waste echoes as they move along,  
With laugh of humorous tale, or voice of song.  
Armed, and united, they no danger fear  
From lion prowling, nor from robber's spear ;  
But other foes oft-times 'gainst them advance,  
More to be dreaded than the Arab's lance :  
The sandy column, and sirocco's blast,  
Laden with certain death, come rushing past.  
Down straight they fall, flat on their faces lie,  
While the destroying angel passes by ;  
Through varied dangers, thus their way they wend,  
Until at length they reach their journey's end.

HERE is represented the passage of a caravan through the great and terrible desert of Africa. Merchants being desirous of visiting the interior parts of Africa, for the sake of trading with the natives, form themselves into companies for this purpose. Here may be seen Arabs, Jews, Franks, and others, uniting for a common end, regardless of the differences of country and of creed ; they hire a certain number of camels, with their drivers—they lay in their stock of goods, provisions, etc. ; they furnish themselves with a compass, and with arms for defense. When all is prepared, the signal for departure is given, and the caravan moves onward ; by degrees they leave all traces of the living world behind them—soon they come in sight of the desert—evening now casts its shadows round them—they find a stopping place ; here they rest for the night. In the morning they commence the perilous route : in a short time, nothing is beheld by the travelers but one vast ocean of sand, bounded only by the horizon ; as they move on the heat becomes intense—the sky appears like a dome of molten fire—the earth glows like a furnace beneath their feet ; a momentary gloom overspreads the faces of the travelers as they see scattered here

and there upon the sand, skeletons, the remains of former travelers. They shorten the distance by rehearsing tales of wit and humor. Sometimes the desert rings with the sound of their merry songs,—they trust to the guides for direction, and to the guards for safety; being well armed they fear nothing. Sometimes, while yet on the border, the lion of the desert appears; he sees them united and watchful—he dare not attack them—he lashes his sides with his furious tail, and with a dreadful roar he bounds out of sight. Sometimes the Arab robbers, who think they have an hereditary right to plunder travelers, attack the caravan—they meet with a stout resistance, and finding themselves worsted, they quickly disappear amid clouds of dust and sand.

Other enemies, however, frequently appear, that laugh to scorn their might of union, and hold in derision the shaking of the glittering spear; the pestilential simoom, with the speed of thought, comes rushing on towards them, and unless they fall instantly upon their faces and hold their breath, they are all dead men. Sometimes they behold huge pillars of sand before them, the sun gleaming through them, giving them the appearance of pyramids on fire—each one is large enough to bury the caravan; now they move towards them with fearful rapidity—now they take another direction. The wind shifts, and dashing against each other, they vanish in a storm of sand. Sometimes the caravan is refreshed by meeting with a fertile spot called an oasis—here is seen the grassy plain, the flowing fountain;—here is heard the voice of singing birds; here the palm, the vine, and the olive tree abound. New spirited, the caravan resumes its journey, and in good time reaches the place of its destination.

The passage through the desert may be consid-

ered as an allegorical representation of the passage of the church of Christ through the moral desert of this world. The church is in quest of eternal gain. She seeks a city which is out of sight ; "the New Jerusalem." The way thereto is through a moral desert, which is destitute of every heavenly plant. No living stream flows through the midst thereof. No food for the soul is there ; no provision for immortality. Above, around, beneath, the elements are, in themselves considered, unfriendly to spiritual life and spiritual progress. Hence the church furnishes herself with provisions,—Christ, and the word of Christ ; her compass, the law of Jehovah ; her weapons, the whole armor of God ; her watchmen and guides, the ministers of Jesus.

The caravan was exposed to danger and death from the lion—the robber—the moving sands, and the fell simoom. The church, too, has her dangers to contend against. No sooner does she commence her march, than Abaddon, the destroyer, comes out against her. If he sees her united, moving on firmly, and watchful withal, she is safe, and he knows it. He gnashes his teeth with rage, and looks about for more defenseless prey. Woe, woe to the straggler he may meet with in his wrath,—to him who through indolence has lingered behind, or through pride thinks he can take care of himself,—he falls a victim to his temerity. His fate becomes a monument of warning unto others. Next she is assailed by the disciples of ancient heresies. These come forth against her with their rights of prescription and of proscription. They advance "damnable doctrines," and seek to plunder her of her heaven-born treasures. But the church is armed, thoroughly armed. The efficient panoply, "the whole armor of God" is round about her. The sword of the Lord and of Gideon prevails, and the

spoilers vanquished, retire amid the dust of their own confusion. But other foes sometimes appear, more dangerous than Satan undisguised. Splendid images of idolatry present themselves, glittering with the gilded pageantry of pompous ceremonies ; impositions of unrighteous prerogative. Their tops reach the very heavens. They move to and fro, threatening to overwhelm the church beneath their crushing weight. She looks on awhile in astonishment at such heaven-daring impiety. She stands firm ; she is girt about with truth. With a loud voice she gives utterance to her faith,—“Jehovah, he is the God ! Jehovah, he is the God !” The sandy fabrics disappear like the moving columns of the desert.

Sometimes, as a last resort of fiendish malice, the simoom of persecution is let loose upon her. Earth and hell combine. The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, saying, “Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.” The watchword is, “destroy, destroy,” and the whole power of the enemy is hurled against the Lord’s anointed. Her ordinary weapons of defense are here of no avail. She has recourse to “*all prayer*.” She falls down low in the dust. In God is all her trust. He is her help and her shield. She hides herself in Him until this “calamity be overpast.” In every conflict she comes off victorious, as long as she continues united and watchful.

Sometimes the church is favored with extraordinary manifestations of divine power and love ; these are to her as an oasis in the desert. The river that makes glad the city of God pours its full streams into the midst of her. She enjoys a glorious revival ; it is a foretaste of heaven. She arises and puts on strength. Multitudes are added unto her. Clothed with salvation, she again moves onward in all the

power of truth, and in the majesty of holiness, clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and glorious as an army with banners. Above her waves triumphant the banner of Redemption. Taking up the song of prophecy as she advances, she sings—

In the wilderness shall burst forth waters,  
And torrents in the desert ;  
And the glowing sand shall become a pool ;  
The desert and the waste shall be glad,  
And the wilderness shall rejoice and flourish,  
Like the rose shall it beautifully flourish.

Thus she goes forward from strength to strength, scattering in her path a new creation, until mercy's triumphs are complete, and God is all in all.

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Lord, what a wretched land is this,  
That yields us no supply ;  
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,  
Nor streams of living joy !

Yet the dear path to thine abode  
Lies through this weary land ;  
Lord ! we would keep that heavenly road,  
And run at thy command.

Our souls shall tread the desert through  
With undiverted feet ;  
And faith and flaming zeal subdue  
The terrors that we meet.

A thousand savage beasts of prey  
Around the desert roam ;  
But Judah's lion guards the way,  
And guides the pilgrims home.

Through *simoom* blasts, with gloomy fears  
We trace the sacred road ;  
Through lonely wastes and dangerous snares  
We make our way to God.



*He keepeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them.*—*Ps. xxxix.*  
 6. *The covetous, whom the Lord abhorreth.*—*Ps. x. 3.*

### SELFISHNESS.

Look at the selfish man! See how he locks  
 Tight in his arms his *mortgages* and *stocks*!  
 While *deeds* and *titles* in his hands he grasps,  
 And *gold* and *silver* close around him clasps.  
 But not content with this, behind he drags  
 A cart well laden with the ponderous bags;  
 The *orphans'* wailings and the *widow's* woe,

From mercy's fountain cause no tears to flow ;  
He pours no cordial in the wounds of pain,  
Unlocks no prison, and unclasps no chain ;  
His heart is like the rock where sun nor dew  
Can rear one plant or flower of heavenly hue.  
No thought of mercy there may have its birth,  
For helpless misery or suffering worth ;  
The end of all his life is paltry pelf,  
And all his thoughts are centered on—*himself*,  
The *wretch* of both worlds ; for so mean a sum,  
“ *First starved in this, then damned in that to come.*”

HERE is a poor fool “ crouching beneath” more than “ two burdens.” Look at him ! see how he pants, and heaves, and groans beneath his load. With his right hand he grasps a large bag of gold and silver, together with bonds, titles, deeds and mortgages. In his left he clutches fast, stocks and pledges, while suspended to his left shoulder dangles interest upon interest. Around his waist is buckled a leathern girdle, to which a wagon is attached by means of traces. This is loaded with bags and bales of rich annuities. He appears to have made “ a clean sweep” wherever he has been ; desolation follows in his train. On the left hand of this receiver-general, stands a female, accompanied by two children. Look at them. They have come through the peltings of a winter’s storm, poorly clad as they are, to lighten the poor man’s load. They have nothing to carry. See ! they are beseeching him to allow them to bear part of his burden. It would help them somewhat ; it would circulate the blood, and keep them warm ; it would benefit him, however, a great deal more,—perhaps save his life. He looks angry ; he growls at them ; he curses them in the name of his god, and spurns them from his presence. The man cannot be in his right mind, surely. Refusing assistance, on he goes again, lamenting very much the time he has

lost, for “time” with him “is money.” On he goes, puffing and sweating and dragging. At length, still followed by the woman and children, he comes to a bridge thrown across a river rolling rapidly. It looks quite safe ; as he proceeds, it bends and cracks with the weight, and just when he arrives at the middle, it gives way and down he goes, bags and all ; he sinks to the bottom like a stone. The dark wave rolls over him ; he dieth as a fool dieth ; his memory has perished.

The above engraving represents Selfishness refusing the claims of distressed humanity. Perhaps all the manifestations of sin in man may be traced to selfishness as their source. The warrior in his pursuit of glory ; the politician in hunting for power ; the covetous in scheming for wealth ; the scholar in his aspirations for fame ; all act from the principle of selfishness. Here the selfish principle manifests itself in the acquisition of money ; in keeping it, and of course fixing the heart upon it as an object worthy to be adored. The most High, looking down from the height of his holiness, pronounces the man, “*fool.*” Fool in so mistaking the true ends of life,—in so mistaking the nature of things as to think the soul could be satisfied with dust and corruption ; in employing the noble powers of the mind about things so base, mean, and contemptible,—in loving that which cannot return our love. Fool, in substituting the body for the soul,—time for eternity,—the world for God. Fool, to be “bit by rage canine of dying rich, *guilt's blunder, and the loudest laugh of hell.*” Fool, in heaping up riches and knowing not who shall gather them.

“ High built abundance heap on heap, for what ?  
To breed new wants and beggar us the more,  
Then make a richer scramble for the throng,

Soon as this feeble pulse which leaps so long,  
Almost by miracle is tired with play ;  
Like rubbish from exploded engines thrown,  
Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly ;  
Fly diverse, fly to foreigners, to foes ;  
New masters court, and call the former fools,—  
How justly, for dependence on their stay,  
Wide scatter first our playthings, then our dust.

This is bad enough, but what is worse, the man of selfishness is a man of *guilt*, often of deep, double-dyed, damnable guilt ; even in its most innocent form, selfishness dethrones the blessed God from his proper place in the human heart. Selfishness is a rank idolator—he worships the creature more than the Creator. “Thou shalt have no other gods before me.” Like the horse-leep, he is continually crying, give, give ; he covets his neighbor’s possessions—he is determined to obtain them if he can, either by fair means or by foul—to this end he often bears false witness against his neighbor—nay, he will destroy his reputation, sometimes take his life.

He is a devourer of widow’s houses ; he forestalls and forecloses whenever he can gain by so doing. Selfishness is a thief—first, in withholding what belongs to God and the poor ; secondly, in actually seizing upon the property of others. See him go forth to take possession of his neighbor’s farm or house—in the face of day he goes ; the sun is looking at him, and God is looking at him, and the prophet of God within his breast—conscience—remonstrates, as did the prophet Elijah, when Ahab had gone down to the vineyard of Naboth, to take possession thereof. But selfishness is deaf to the voice of the prophet, and the helpless family is turned out into the streets, and another inheritance is added to his rent-roll.

How great is the guilt of selfishness ; by him the

commandments of God are all set at nought ; nay, standing on the mountain of his ill-gotten wealth, he takes the two tables of the law, and breaks them to pieces, trampling the remnants beneath his feet. His heart is ossified, callous, hard as the nether mill-stone ; the ministers of religion plead for help—he regards it not ; the daughters of benevolence plead for objects of charity all in vain ; the weeping widow and the wailing orphan stand before him, begging only what will support life a day—he spurns them from his presence. He has more than he needs, or ever will need, yet—dog in the manger like—he snarls and keeps it all.

In the map of Palestine may be seen the Dead Sea ; several rivers pour their streams into the midst thereof, and among them the Jordan. Here they are all swallowed up ; the Dead Sea gives nothing back but bitterness and dearth. It was formerly said that birds in their passage over it dropped down dead ;—selfishness is a *dead sea*, receiving all, giving nothing, save misery, and want, and death.

In the engraving, the house in the back ground looks ruined and desolate—selfishness has been there. It is related of the locusts that “the noise they make in browsing the plants and trees may be heard at a distance, like an army plundering in secret ; wherever they march the verdure disappears from the country, like a curtain drawn aside. The trees and plants, despoiled of their leaves, make the hideous appearance of winter instantly succeed the bright scenes of spring—fire seems to follow their tracks.” Selfishness may look behind him if he will, and see in his rear the same marks of desolation.

Selfishness is a great advocate for the *protection* of his own interests ; he has become rich, yet he is not rich God-ward. He has mortgages, but he him-

self, alas ! is mortgaged to the devil, and when the time expires, *he* will foreclose, and take possession. He has pledges enough on earth, but no pledge of a future inheritance in heaven. And where ! where is the hope of the *wretch*, though he hath gained, when God taketh away his soul !

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"How shocking must thy summons be, O Death !  
To him that is at ease in his possessions ;  
Who, counting on long years of pleasures here,  
Is quite unfurnished for that world to come !  
In that dread moment how the frantic soul  
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement ;  
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,  
But shrieks in vain ! How wishfully she looks  
On all she 's leaving, now no longer hers !  
A little longer, yet a *little* longer,  
Oh, might she stay, to wash away her stains,  
And fit her for her passage ! Mournful sight !  
Her very eyes weep blood ; and every groan  
She heaves is big with horror. But the foe,  
Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,  
Pursues her close, through every lane of life,  
Nor misses once the track, but presses on ;  
Till forced at last to the tremendous verge,  
**At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.**"



*Fear not, for I am with thee.—Gen. xxvi. 24. I will fear no ill  
art with me.—P's. xxiii. 4.*

#### THE IMPERIAL PASSENGER

When the great Cæsar, bent on high emprise,  
Beheld the winds and waves against him rise,  
The sea and skies in wild commotion roll,  
To damp the ardor of his mighty soul ;  
But winds and waves in vain 'gainst him engage,  
And waste upon themselves their empty rage ;  
He nothing fears, he deems himself a God,

And furious tempests but await his nod.  
Not so the mariners,—in sore dismay  
They dare not venture from the sheltered bay,  
To whom the chief their craven souls to cheer,  
“Who carries Cæsar, need no danger fear.”  
Awed into courage, soon they’re on the wave,  
And all the fury of the ocean brave.

THE above engraving represents Julius Cæsar in a violent storm. He is encouraging the boatmen to pull away. Cæsar and Pompey at this time were about to dispute the empire of the world. The legions of Pompey were at Macedonia. Those of Cæsar lay at Brundusium, on the other side of the river Apsus. Cæsar judging his presence to be absolutely necessary for the safety of his army, determined to cross the river, notwithstanding it was guarded by the ships of Pompey. A furious tempest raged also at the same time. Depending upon his good fortune, he disguised himself, and secured a small fishing boat. His mind occupied with the importance of his mission, thinks not of danger. He has had so many hair-breadth escapes on flood and field, that he deems himself under the immediate protection of the gods; nay, that he himself possesses the power of controlling fortune. The boatmen think, however, very differently. Though accustomed to danger, they will not put to sea in the present gale. Cæsar thinking all would be lost, assumes a commanding attitude, throws off his disguise, and addressing the pilot, exclaims, *Quid times? Cæsarem vehis.* “What do you fear? you carry Cæsar.” The effect is electrical. Struck by his courageous bearing, the sailors, ashamed of their fears, immediately put to sea with the intrepid chieftain. They exert themselves to the utmost; brave fearlessly the peltings of the storm, and land their noble passenger safely on the other side.

The above instance of profane history may serve

to illustrate the presence of God with his people, and the confidence they should have in him. The presence and consequent power of God exists, of course, every where. We cannot tell where God is not. We see him in the embattled host that nightly shines in the blue vault of heaven ; in the queen of night, as sailing through the sky, she gives to the shadowed earth a look of kindred affection.—When rosy morn lifts up the curtain of darkness and gives to our view the glorious orb of day coming forth from his chambers, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race ; in the vast mountain, towering to meet the skies ; the immense ocean, rising in the greatness of its strength ; the embowered forest, bending to the breeze ; the deep blush of the verdant mead ; the smiles of the luscious corn, and in the laughing flowers, we see the power and presence of the Omnipotent. The thunder proclaims him in the heavens ; the woodland minstrels among the trees ; the mountain torrent, and the rippling brook, bespeak his power ; insects sporting in the sun beams, and leviathan in the depths of the sea, alike show forth his praise. Magnitude cannot o'erpower him, minuteness escape him, or intricacy bewilder him. He guides and preserves all by his presence and power.

"The rolling year  
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing spring  
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love ;  
Then comes thy glory in the summer months,  
With light and heat resplendent. Then thy sun  
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year.  
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfin'd,  
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.  
In winter, awful Thou ! with clouds and storms  
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled.  
Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,  
Riding sublime. Thou bid'st the world adore,  
And humblest nature with thy northern blast."

The presence of God with his people is, however, manifested in a different manner. Nature is managed by subordinate agents ; the church by his immediate presence. Natural objects wax old and perish, as doth a garment ; yea, the elements will melt with fervent heat ; the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up ; but of the church it is declared, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it ; and of Christ's kingdom, which is the church, it is said, thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion without end. Hence to perpetuate the church, the presence of God has been manifested in a peculiar manner. In the march of the church through the ages of time on toward eternity, how plainly has he shown his powerful presence.

Is the world through sin, covered with a flood of waters, as with a garment ?—God himself superintends the building of an ARK, for the salvation of his infant church. Does famine threaten her with destruction ?—He opens to her wants the granaries of Egypt. Does the sea oppose her when she would go and “sacrifice to the Lord her God ?”—He divides for her a passage through the midst thereof, and she goes through dry shod. Does she suffer hunger in the desert ?—He unlocks the store-house of heaven and feeds her with angels' food. Is she thirsty ?—The very rocks are made to yield streams of living water. By his presence her foes fall before her ; Jordan's waves roll backward, and Canaan spreads for her repast its stores of milk and honey. “Happy art thou, O Israel ! Who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, who is the sword of thy excellency and the shield of thy help ?”

Nor has the church been less favored with the divine presence, since Jesus paid in full the price of her redemption, re-modelled his temple, and adorned

the sanctuary with the beauty of holiness. When we see the Savior in the storm, on the sea of Tiberias, chiding the fears of his disciples, and stilling the winds and the waves, we see a type and a promise of his future presence with his people. Emmanuel, "God with us;" this is his name; how full of consolation! with us in his own proper person. The government is still upon his shoulders. "He will not give his glory to another." He does not rule by proxy. He needs no "vicar" on the earth. His real presence is with his people. He is fulfilling his own gracious promise, "lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world."

The fact of being engaged in an important enterprise, and a consciousness that great results will follow a certain course of conduct, nerves up the soul to action, and enables it to do and suffer. When the boatmen knew who it was that said unto them, "Fear not," knowing too that the fate of nations depended upon their conduct, they were inspired with energy and courage, and determined to sink or swim with Cæsar. But behold a greater than Cæsar is here.

Jesus, the Almighty conqueror, says to his people, "*Fear not, for I am with you.*" In the furious tempest that sometimes meets them in the path of duty when their hearts quail, and all appears to be lost, His glorious presence shines amid the darkness. "*Fear not,*" he exclaims, "*you carry Jesus.*" The church, emboldened at the sight, dismiss their fears, receive a new inspiration, and in the strength of a living faith respond: "Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed out of its place, and the mountains be cast into the depths of the sea, for the Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge."

"*Fear not, you carry Jesus.*" Thou desponding

one, fear not. Does not Christ dwell in thy heart by faith? Is not "Christ in you" the life of faith—the life of love—"the hope of glory?" Is he not working in you both to will and to do? Then be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. Fear not, He is thy *shield*, and thy exceeding great reward.

Of Cyrus it is said, that he knew his soldiers, every one by name. But by the Captain of your salvation, the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Unbelief dims the eye so that it cannot see Jesus. Faith opens it, and the glorious presence of the Savior is revealed. Where the king is, there also is the court; and where the Savior is, there also is his court. His attendants are all there. Power—majesty—riches and glory, encircle his throne. Stormy winds, lightning and thunder, are ministers of his that do his pleasure.

God is with his people. He is their covenant God. Hence all his attributes are employed for their good. He cares for them. As a father pitith his children, so he pities them that fear him. He has purchased them by his own blood." They are his "peculiar treasure;" "the lot of his inheritance." Therefore no weapon that is formed against them can prosper. To banish distrust forever from their hearts, he pledges himself never to leave them, never to forsake them.

When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee  
And through the rivers they shall not overflow thee;  
When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned,  
Neither shall the flame kindle upon thee,  
For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel,  
**THY SAVIOR.**



*I will trust in thee.*—Ps. lvi. 3. *According to your Faith be it unto you.*  
Matt. ix. 29.

#### VENTURING BY FAITH.

Behold the flames in all their fury roll,  
Raging and spreading, spurning all control ;  
Upward they shoot in many a gleaming spire,  
And then rush downward in a flood of fire.  
With fiercer heat the burning columns glow,  
And soon the building totters to and fro.

But whence that scream that rings upon our ears ?  
In the high casement see, a child appears !  
With outstretched arms, imploring for relief—  
The crackling timbers only mock his grief.  
“ O Father, save !” in piteous tones he cries,  
At length his father hears him and replies,  
“ Fly to my arms, my son, without delay—  
Fly ere the flames devour their helpless prey.”  
*Death* hastes behind, *Hope* beckons from before ;  
He ventures freely, and his danger’s o’er.

“ THE soul of an awakened sinner,” says Dr. Coke, “ before he ventures on Christ for salvation, may be compared to a person who is in some of the upper stories of his house when he learns that it has taken fire, and that all its nether parts are so far involved in flame as to cut off his retreat.” The engraving shows a young person who has been roused from his midnight slumbers by the raging flames which burst into the place where he was reposing, or perhaps he was awakened by the voice of some friend, who raised a warning cry from without. The child, thoroughly awakened, sees that if he stays where he is, he will perish in the flames ; he hears the voice of his father—he flies to the window—he sees the outstretched arms—he is invited to leap or cast himself from the burning house ; the attempt seems perilous indeed, but having *faith* in the word of his father, he takes the perilous leap—he ventures all—he falls into the hands of his father, unharmed ; he is saved from death.

This is a good illustration of the act of justifying Faith. The child in the burning house, perhaps made several efforts to escape from the approaching ruin ; he attempts to gain the door, but finding the flames increase upon him, he is obliged to give up his hope of escaping this way, and to ascend the stairs before the pursuing fire. His friends without, who

know his condition and danger, (particularly his father,) entreat him to cast himself from the upper window, as the only means by which his life can be preserved.

The child hears the earnest entreaties of his friends —hesitates, attempts, retires, approaches the window, calculates upon the fearful height, and dreads to make the effort. His understanding is convinced that the fire will soon overtake and destroy him, yet while the danger appears somewhat remote, he strangely lingers ; possibly thinking there may be some other way to escape, besides casting himself from the window.

His friends again encourage him to venture from the window, assuring him that they have provided for his safety by spreading on the ground the softest materials, to break the violence of his fall ; full of hesitation, he asks for sensible evidence ; they desire him to look—he makes an effort, but the darkness of the night, and the injury his sight has sustained, only permit him to view the object of his wishes obscurely and indistinctly. Belief and doubt contend for the empire of his mind, and by keeping it in an equipoise, prevent it from making any decisive choice.

Thus far the situation of the child resembles that of the soul who feels his need of salvation. The understandings of both are enlightened ; the judgments of both are convinced by the force of evidence ; they appear to assent to the truths which are proposed for their belief, and still neither of them has escaped to the place of safety, or city of refuge, which lies before him. Both, however, have found the way to escape the impending ruin ; and to him who thus spiritually seeks after Christ, it may be said, thou art not far from the kingdom of God ; but still one thing is

lacking, that is, to *venture* on the Savior for salvation.

Thus far, in the allegory, the child has made no effectual effort to escape from within the burning walls ; while lingering in his room, in a state of indecision, agonizing for deliverance, without using the means of obtaining it, feeling a measure of confidence in his friends below, but not enough to venture, the flames burst into his apartment and scorch him in his last retreat. Alarmed at the immediate prospect of death, he concludes—if I remain here I shall surely die, and if I cast myself down from the building, I shall but die.

Fully impressed with this truth, he once more repairs to the window ; he pays more attention to the call of his friends, particularly to that of his father ; the difficulty now appears somewhat less, and the prospect of safety greater, than what he before imagined. Encouraged by these favorable appearances, as well as driven by terror, he commits his soul to God—he casts himself into the arms of his father below. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, he falls ! he is caught and embraced by his father ; he finds every thing prepared for his reception, as he had been promised, and he now feels himself in a state of safety. With tears of grateful joy, and a heart overflowing with thankfulness for his deliverance, he gives glory to God, and finds his bosom filled with peace.

This is the case of every soul who, by faith, *ventures* his all on Christ. But who can find words to express all that is conveyed by this simile ? Every one who has cast himself into the arms of his heavenly father through the atoning sacrifice, can feel it, but adequate expressions are not to be found. Human language is too poor to unfold in all their

branches, the things of God, and we are often under the necessity of resorting to such expedients in order to find a medium to communicate our thoughts.

We see by the allegory that no one is in a state of safety till they have actually ventured on Christ for salvation. The soul may be convinced that there is no other way of salvation, but by venturing on Christ, but unless it acts, and puts forth an effort, there is no salvation. The youth in the burning house may be convinced he must leave it if he would save his life, but he may, perhaps, think there is no immediate danger if he stays in the house a little longer; it will take some time, he thinks, for the fire to consume the foundation on which the floor of his apartment rests. The very reverse of this may be true—the fire has almost reached him, and he knows it not; all that supports the platform on which he stands is well nigh consumed, and he may be precipitated in a moment into the burning flames below. So the soul may be rationally convinced that if it remains in its present state it must be forever lost, yet thinking that there is time enough yet to attend to the subject of the soul's salvation in earnest, and wishing to remain in its present state a little longer, "a little more sleep, and a little more slumber, and folding of the arms to sleep," sudden destruction may come in a moment—the cords of life may be snapped asunder, without a moment's warning, and sink into the flaming billows to rise no more.

We will suppose that the youth in the burning house, instead of trying to get out of it as soon as possible, should stop to ascertain by what means the house took fire—who set it on fire—this man or the other, or whether it took fire accidentally or not—would not every spectator call him a fool for troubling himself about such questions while his life was in such danger. Would not the cry be, escape for thy life—tarry not—look not behind thee—leave the burning house instantly? Equally

foolish would that soul be who is convinced of his guilt and danger, instead of flying to Christ for salvation, should spend its time in trying to find out the reason why sin was suffered to lay waste the works of God—could it not have been prevented—and many other subjects of the like kind, equally unfathomable by the human mind.

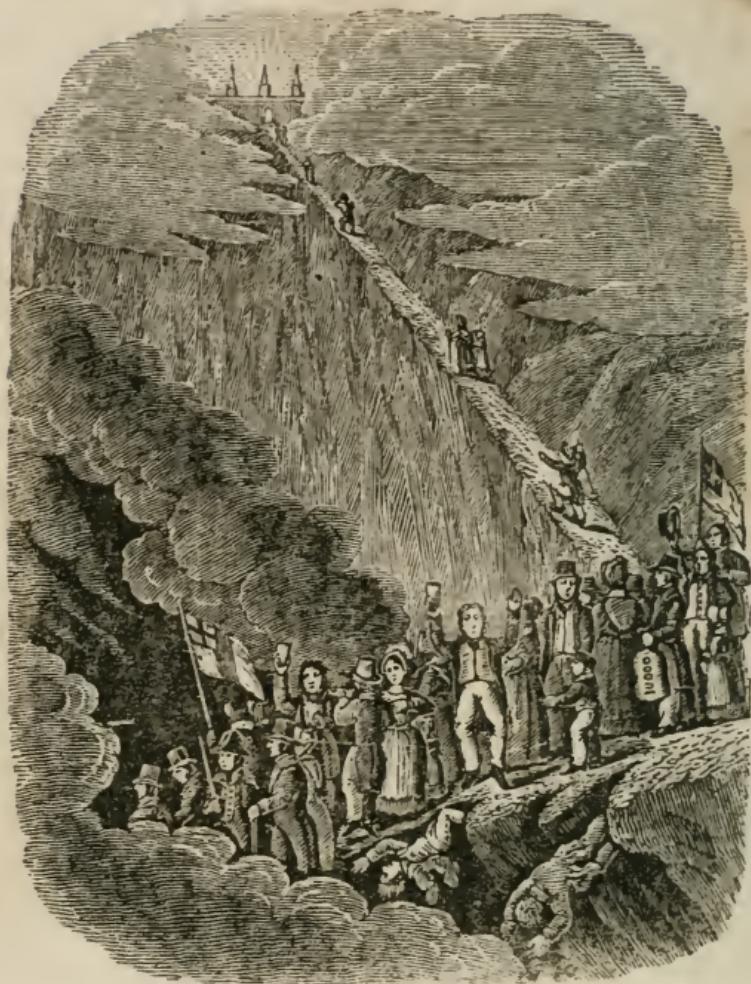
It must be observed that the Faith exercised by the youth in the burning house, caused him to act, and venture his life on the issue. Perhaps he might reason, that his being at such a distance from his father and his friends, who stood on the ground below, it would be impossible for them to save him from being dashed to pieces should he cast himself down; there may be a strong conflict between belief and unbelief, but genuine faith will conquer. The soul that is truly and savingly in earnest about its salvation, not only believes in a general manner that the Bible is the voice of God to man, but his belief must induce him to hearken to that voice, and consider its threatenings as denounced against his disobedience; he must, in order to obtain salvation, fly to Christ, cast himself upon his mercy, and claim the promises which are made to the soul that puts its trust in his mercy and power.

The youth in the burning house discovers that there are no back stairs by which he can reach a place of safety, for they are already entirely destroyed by the fire, or else nothing but a burning mass, so that escape by them is utterly impossible. In like manner the truly awakened soul will see that there is no other way of escape but to leave the state of sin and death, as there can be no salvation while remaining in it. But if the soul will go forward and cast itself into the everlasting aims of love and compassion, he who cannot lie, promises salvation.

• • •

“ Come, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve,  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,  
And make this last resolve :

I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Like mountains round me close;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.”



*Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in theret. . . . Narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.*—Matt. vii. 13, 14.

#### THE PATH OF LIFE, AND WAY OF DEATH.

The Path of Life, and Death's frequented way,  
 Who can describe? what pencil can portray?  
 The way of Death is broad, with downward slide,  
 Easy and pleasant to man's lust and pride;  
 'T is thronged with multitudes who glide along  
 With gold, and drink, and dance, and wanton song:

Nor these alone—but some of decent mien,  
 “Harmless” and “useless” on the way are seen;  
 In ruin’s gulph it ends. See! rising there,  
 Thick clouds of blackness, and of dark despair.  
 The Path of Life lifts <sup>up</sup> its narrow breadth,  
 High o’er the realms of darkness and of death;  
 Sky-rising, still, laborious and straight,  
 Leading directly up to heaven’s gate;  
 ’T is wondrous strange, and yet, alas! ’t is true,  
 The Path of Life is traveled but by few,  
 Though ending where the shades of night ne’er fall,  
 But one eternal Light encircles all.

HERE is depicted the path of life, and the way of death. The way of death is exceeding broad, and on an inclined plane. It has a downward tendency; it is occupied by a vast multitude. Some are seen throwing themselves off the way headlong, others are bearing aloft the terrible banners of war. They are elated with victory. Here the man of pleasure revels in delight. The drunkard is dancing with wild delirious joy, and the miser groans beneath his bags of gold. There are, however, some sober, respectable people on the way. These appear to look grave and thoughtful. The way ends, you perceive, in total darkness. Thick clouds of curling blackness rising from a pit or gulph, cover the extremity of the way. The travelers enter the dismal shades, and we see them no more.

From the way of death you see another way, or path rather, stretching up, as it were, into the clouds. This is called the path of life. It is extremely narrow. It is moreover difficult on account of its upward tendency. Few persons are seen walking on it; these scattered here and there. This path appears to end well. We can see where it does end. A beautiful palace opens its golden gates to receive the weary travelers. From its opened portals bursts forth a dazzling light that illuminates the pathway beneath.

By the way of death, is signified the way of sin that leads to death eternal. "The wages of sin is death." Its downward tendency denotes, that it is much easier to go wrong than to go right. The way of sin is easy and pleasant to man's corrupt nature. He delights in it after the inner man. Were it not so, surely so many in all ages would not be found walking therein. The Creator himself gives us the reason. "The thoughts of the imaginations of his heart are evil, only evil, and that continually." Hence man follows the bent of his inclination. He goes with the stream; "every one in his own way." To do otherwise, would require self-denial, and vigorous, persevering effort.

In the engraving, some are seen casting themselves off the way. By this is meant, not that sinners grow tired of the way of sin exactly, but that they are tired of themselves; they are tired of life. Their substance is expended in gambling and profligacy. The means of indulging their depraved appetite no longer exists; hence they commit suicide; plunge into eternity, and add to the number of those who die without hope, for "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Others, by their excesses in riotous living and debaucheries, break down their constitution, and destroy life, and thus perish with those who "live not out half their days."

Warriors are also in the way of death, raising to the breeze the flag of triumph. These denote the men "who delight in war,"—who, for wealth and glory, "sink, burn, and destroy," and slaughter their fellow-creatures. These violate the law of Jehovah, "Thou shalt not kill." Drunkards too are in this way, carousing with strong drink, dancing with maniac madness, and yet, on the way to ruin, drowning the cares of time, but planting thorns for eternity.

These belong to the class of whom it is said, "such shall not inherit the kingdom of God." The one with the bag of gold represents that very large class who worship Mammon on the earth ; who never think even of heaven, except when they remember that it is paved with gold. These are idolaters ; the meanest of the Devil's drudges, the vilest of the slaves of sin. Others enjoy the pleasures of sin ; but he sweats and groans beneath his load ; he takes place with the breakers of God's law, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

Some pass the time in wanton dalliance ; these designate the adulterer, fornicator, and the impure. These take pleasure in unrighteousness ; give up their affections to the control of lust ; indulge in mere animal delights ; imbrute their manhood ; quench their intellect, and barter the glories of heaven for a "portion in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone ; this is the second death." Others of staid and respectable appearance are in this way. Men of dignity and of consequence ; men of morals and philosophy, all honorable men ; men who are harmless in their generation, honest in their dealings. They "render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," but alas for them, they do not "render unto God the things which are God's." One thing only is wanting. "One thing thou lackest." The heart is unsurrendered ; hence there is no repentance—no living faith—no homage—no love—no obedience—no salvation. These, alas, all take rank with the "unprofitable servant," who was cast into outer darkness, where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

But time would fail to describe the various characters that throng the way of death. The gross sensualist, the haughty Pharisee, and the specious

hypocrite, are all here. But is it possible some one may say, that so many are in the way to eternal death? God himself has answered the question; we have heard his voice. It is not only true that they *are* going, but that they go of their own accord. The sinner is threatened, admonished, and warned, and yet he goes on. He is persuaded, entreated, and invited to turn and live, and yet he goes on.

If you see a man traveling a road that *you* know to be frequented with robbers, you tell him of his danger; he persists in going on; the robbers strip him and leave him for dead; who is to blame? The sinner is warned of his danger, and yet he persists in sin. Numbers control not the sword of justice. The antideluvians were faithfully warned; they went on and perished in the flood. The men of Sodom were warned; they persisted, and perished in the rain of fire. The Jews were warned also, even by the Son of God, and yet they went on in rebellion, until of their city not one stone was left standing upon another, and themselves scattered and peeled among the nations.

The sinner neglects a great salvation. Neglecting only to get into the Ark will expose him to the flood of fire. Neglecting salvation, he contemns the "love of God." He "tramples upon the blood of the covenant. He does "despite to the Spirit of grace." How shall he escape if he neglects so great salvation. "These shall go away into everlasting punishment."

"I saw the lake of quenchless fires,  
And souls on its billows tost;  
Despair, remorse which ne'er expires,  
The worm of the deathless lost.

Grief filled my bursting heart,—I cried,  
Shall this distress end never?"  
The shrieks of millions loud replied,  
"These pangs endure—forever!"

By the path of life is designated the path of holiness, that leads to life eternal. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." It is narrow and steep ; it requires care and effort. The pilgrim must deny himself ; take up his cross daily, and watch unto prayer. It is difficult only to flesh and blood ; to the carnal mind, not to the spiritual ; to the unregenerate, not to him that is born again. To the righteous its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are paths of peace. Narrow is the way that leads to life, and few there are that find it. Fewer still endure to the end thereof. The few were once in the way of death. They were among the many that were called. They obeyed the heavenly call, forsook the broad way, and entered upon the path of life.

The Path of Life ends well ; God delights in holiness. He did not overlook Noah in the overflowing of the ungodly, nor Lot in Sodom. The faithful few are God's jewels ; his hidden ones, while tribulation and "anguish are assigned to the disobedient." The patient continuance of the righteous in well doing "will be rewarded with glory, and honor, and immortality," for the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

"I saw the countless, happy throng  
In the blissful regions high ;  
White robes—gold crowns—and lofty song,  
With their harps in harmony.  
Hope brightened at the dazzling sight,  
‘Shall aught from heaven sever?’  
And myriads sung—‘Our peace, joy, light,  
And glory, last forever.’"



*The world passeth away.*—1 John, ii, 17. *Now is the day of salvation.*—  
2 Cor. vi. 2. *Ye know not what shall be on the morrow.*—James iv. 14.

#### PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

Look on the *Past*. Behold ! wide scattered round,  
Time's fragments—every where they strew the ground :  
The Dead are there—once blooming, young and gay,  
'Mid putrefaction, lo ! they waste away.  
The aged oak, once tall, and strong, and green,  
Decayed and withered in the past is seen ;  
The lordly mansion, once the owner's trust,  
Its glory gone, see crumbling into dust.

E'en Egypt's boast, the pyramids of yore,  
Shall fall to ruin, and be known no more.  
The *Past* is gone ; the *Future*, black as night,  
By clouds lies hidden from all mortal sight ;  
The *Present's* here—see there with angel brow,  
Wisdom lifts up her voice of mercy. *Now*—  
*Now*—the accepted time, the gracious day,  
When man repentant, wipes his stains away ;  
Inspires new life, through the atoning blood,  
And writes his name among the sons of God.

THIS picture is emblematical of the Past, Future, and Present, as these divisions of time appear to us, who are now on the stage of human life. Behold the Past ! see there the fragments that time has left behind : there is the burying place, filled with the records of the past—what a volume of Biography is the grave-yard ; there they lay, the blooming and the beautiful—the strong and the active—all moulder ing into dust. The laughing eye—the noble brow—the dimpled cheek—the teeth of pearl—the musical tongue—the brain creative—and the cunning hand—all, all, are silent in the tomb, and melting into earth.

There too, is the oak, that once towered in strength and beauty, now withered and decayed ; once it gave shelter to the beasts of the field, the fowls of heaven lodged in its branches—now it needs a prop to prevent its falling to the ground.

The splendid mansion is seen crumbling into dust. Architecture, and sculpture, and painting, had bestowed upon it their highest efforts ; the artist looked with pride upon it, the owner delighted in it ; but it is gone—its glory has departed—it is among the things that have been.

In the distance are seen the huge forms of the pyramids ; Egypt's renown and the wonder of the world—memorials of the past, telling us of the folly,

cruelty, despotism, and ambition of kings—telling us, too, doubtless, of the sweat, and groans, and tears, and blood, of thousands of the men like ourselves, who slaved and labored to build those gigantic monuments—but these also, will pass away; if not before, they must when the earth shall reel to and fro, and totter like a drunken man. Then, at least, all physical reminiscences of the past, sinking into the deep sea of oblivion, will be recognized no more.

The *Future* is represented by clouds of darkness that rise upon the path, and shut out from mortal vision all prospect of what is before. *Religion*, the daughter of the skies, who descended from heaven, and who is hastening back again to her blest abode, is seen on the circular path of time. It is time *Present* wherever she appears; she holds in her hand a scroll, see its burden! She is in earnest—she looks benignly and compassionately as she passes by—she makes known to man his highest good; above her head is seen a crown of glory—this she promises to all who will obey her voice, and improve the present time.

The past is gone. The castles—the mansions—the green oaks—and the towers—and let them go! The monuments of the pride and ambition, and wickedness, of kings and conquerors, are crumbling into dust, and let them crumble! The glory, splendor and renown of heroes, are fast fading away, and let them fade. But the dead shall live again—they that sleep in the dust shall awake—that which is sown in dishonor shall be raised in glory.

The past is gone—time once lost, is lost for ever. Past opportunities for doing good and for getting good, are gone, and gone for ever. “ ‘Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours, and ask them what report they bore to heaven.” Happy he,

“ Whose work is done ; who triumphs in the past,  
 Whose yesterdays look backward with a smile ;  
 Nor like the Parthian wound him as they fly :  
 That common but opprobrious lot. Past hours,  
 If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,  
 If folly bounds our prospect by the grave.

Yet there is a sense in which the past never dies. It haunts us like the ghost of the murdered—it is ever present—an angel of light casting upon us a look of heavenly love, or a demon of darkness scowling with malignity and hate—the memory will exist for ever. The remembrance of past actions will, therefore, live forever. “ O, for yesterdays to come.”

The *Future* is concealed—clouds and darkness hide it from our view. We know not what a day may bring forth, nor what an hour ; we know, however, that Death is there—and after death the Judgment—and after the judgment the issues thereof—“ *Eternal life*,” or “ *Eternal death*.” But this is all we know, and this is enough, if we are wise ; how much of joy or sorrow there may be for us in the future, we know not ; whether our path will be strewed with roses or with thorns, we cannot tell—most likely they will be mixed. What opportunities for improvement in religious duties and privileges, or what hindrances, we may have, we know not—how much of life—who can tell ? A man may plant, and build, and lay up goods for many years, and yet to-day may be his last day—to-night his soul may be required of him.

If then, the past is gone, and if the future may never come to us in life, it behooves us to improve the present. God, in his mercy offers salvation *now*. *Now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation. What is it that is offered ? Salvation. Thou cans’t not do without salvation ; without it thou art lost and

lost forever. Seize then, O seize the angel as she passes, nor suffer her to go until she bless thee. The present time, how important! it includes the vast concerns of the eternal state. Destroy it not, there is a blessing in it. "Throw years away? throw empires, and be blameless." The *present* seize,

“ O what heaps of slain  
Cry out for vengeance on us! Time destroyed,  
Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt;  
Time flies—death urges—knells call—heaven invites—  
Hell threatens—all exerts; in effort all;  
More than creation labors!—labors more!  
Man sleeps, and man alone; and man for whom  
All else is in alarm; man the sole cause  
Of this surrounding storm; and yet *he* sleeps,  
As the storm rocked to rest.”

Now is the accepted time; God will accept thee now; he no where promises to accept thee to-morrow. Think, O think, of thy soul, and its value; think of Jehovah and his love; think of Christ and his precious blood; think of heaven and its eternal blessedness; of hell and its terrible torments. Upon thy present conduct rests thy eternal destiny. What art thou sowing? What art thou working? What art thou treasuring up? Let conscience answer. Think of the past, and all its guilt—of the future and its great uncertainty—of the *present* as thine. To-morrow may be too late; now is the day of salvation—now thou may'st wash away thy sins, calling upon the name of the Lord—inspire a new life—rejoice in glorious hope—enroll your name among the children of God, and become a glorious citizen of immortality in heaven.

*Improve the present.* See! look on that beach; there is a boat high and dry, with a man in it—he is asleep. The ship to which he belongs is in the offing; she will sail the next tide. The tide rises—the man sleeps on—the tide ebbs—he awakes—the water is gone, the ship is gone, and he is left to

perish on a desolate island. There is a tide in man's spiritual affairs, which, when taken at the rise, leads on to heaven ;—omitted, he may be left to perish. My spirit, saith the Lord, shall not always strive with man.

*Now is the accepted time.* Behold that rail-road car ; it has just started—look again—there is a person with his hands upraised, exclaiming, “ alas, too late ! ” He is left behind, his friends are all on board, and is not with them—great is his grief. Man is a stranger here—God sends the chariot of his love to bear him home ; again and again it comes—it is here now—O sinner, step on board. The Saviour is there—he invites thee to leave thy sins, and sinful companions, and get on board of the heavenly car—the car of mercy. It is ready to start—all things are now ready—some of thy friends are there. Hesitate not—delay not—or, like the passenger, thou may’st find thyself in a more mournful sense “ *too late*,” and, “ a moment you may wish when worlds want wealth to buy.”

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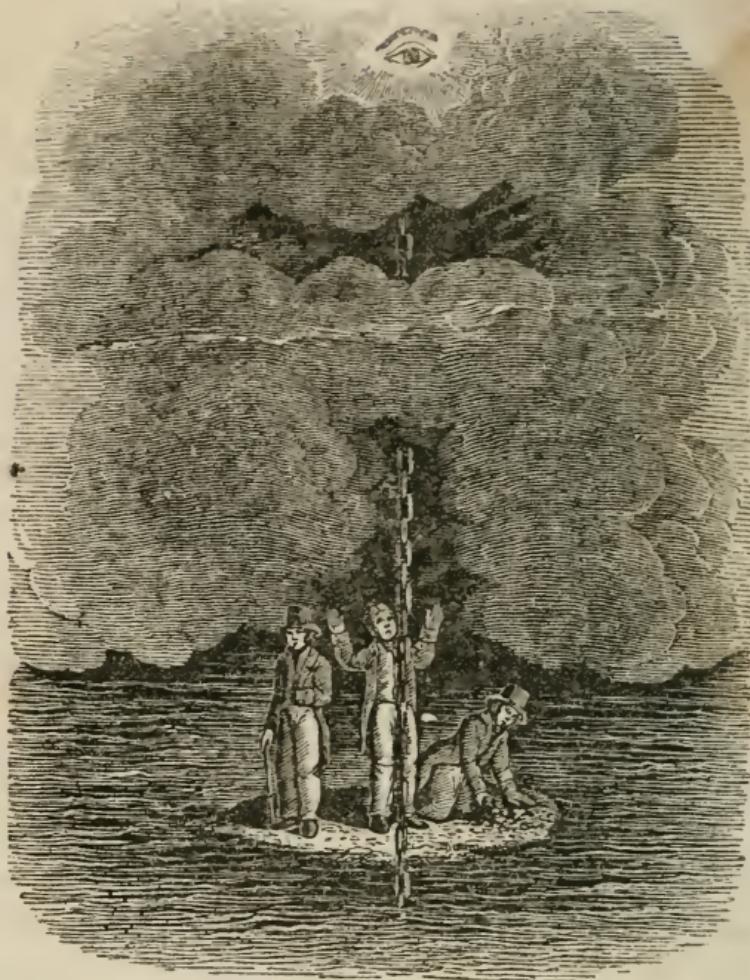
O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

Thy word commands our flesh to dust,  
“ Return, ye sons of men ; ”  
All nations rose from earth at first,  
And turn to earth again.

A thousand ages in thy sight,  
Are like an evening gone ;  
Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their lives and cares,  
Are carried downward by the flood,  
And lost in following years.—*Watts.*



*For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things.—Rom. xi. 36.  
Time is short.—1 Cor. vii. 29. Which is, and which was, and which  
is to come.—Rev. i. 8.*

### PROVIDENCE, TIME, ETERNITY.

Upon a narrow isle, 'mid waters vast,  
By stress of tide the voyagers are cast;  
Beneath—around—a dark and boundless sea;  
Above, thick clouds wrap all in mystery  
The Ocean wears the shore on every side,

As Time decreases 'neath the Eternal tide,  
Yet one—deluded man ! strives much to reach  
The shells and pebbles on the crumbling beach ;  
The waves dash on—another pondering stands,  
And sees destruction come with folded hands.  
Not so the third—he turns his longing eyes,  
And views a chain descending from the skies,  
The *Providential* chain with links of love,  
Watched by an eye that never sleeps above ;  
He grasps the chain—from all his fears it saves,  
While his companions perish 'neath the waves.

In the engraving is seen a representation of the all-seeing eye. It is placed above every thing else, to show that the eye of God's Providence watches over all creation, taking notice of every event throughout all time and space. Though to human vision there may be clouds and darkness about the throne of the Eternal, yet to his all-seeing eye, darkness is as noon-day. All things are before him, and nothing is too minute for his inspection. He sees the rise and fall of empires, and with equal attention sees the sparrow fall to the ground, for in a certain sense nothing is great or small before him. Throughout all time and space, the eye of Providence penetrates ; yea more, it reaches farther ; eternity itself, to the human mind dark, fathomless, boundless, endless, is penetrated and comprehended.

A chain is seen descending from above, of which we can neither see the beginning or the ending ; but as far as we can discover, is but a small part of a mighty whole. It is true a man may see a few of the links of the chain before him, their connection with each other, but how far they may extend above or below his vision, he has no knowledge. This shows us that the great chain of God's Providential dispensations in the universe is but partially seen or comprehended. It is true while on these mortal shores,

we may see a few of the connecting links of this chain, but to what heights it reaches, or to what depths it penetrates, we have no adequate conception.

“In what manner, indeed,” says a celebrated writer, “Providence interposes in human affairs, by what means it influences the thoughts and counsels of men, and, notwithstanding the influence it exerts, leaves to them the freedom of choice, are subjects of a dark and mysterious nature, and which have given occasion to many an intricate controversy. Let us remember that the manner in which God influences the motion of all the heavenly bodies, the nature of that secret power by which he is ever directing the sun and the moon, the planets, stars, and comets, in their course through the heavens, while they appear to move themselves in a free course, are matters no less inexplicable to us, than the manner in which he influences the counsels of men. But though the mode of divine operation remains unknown, the fact of an over-ruling influence is equally certain, in the moral, as it is in the natural world.”

“In cases where the fact is clearly authenticated, we are not at liberty to call its truth in question, merely because we understand not the manner in which it is brought about. Nothing can be more clear, from the testimony of Scripture, than that God takes part in all that happens among mankind, directing and over-ruling the whole course of events, so as to make every one of them answer the designs of his wise and righteous government.”

“We cannot, indeed, conceive God acting as the governor of the world at all, unless his government were to extend to all the events that can happen. It is upon the supposition of a particular providence, that our worship and prayers to him are founded. All his perfections would be utterly insignificant to *us*, if

they were not exercised on every occasion, according as the circumstances of his creatures required. The Almighty would then be no more than an unconcerned spectator of the behavior of his subjects, regarding the obedient and rebellious with an equal eye."

In the lower part of the engraving is seen a little spot of earth in the vast ocean by which it is surrounded, on which is seen three persons. This small place may represent *Time*, which has arisen out of the eternity of the past. Though now visible, it is destined soon to sink into oblivion in the midst of the mighty waters. One of the figures on this little spot of time is seen very busy in collecting the little pebbles or particles of shining dust around him. How foolish this, when he must know that the rolling tide will soon overflow all around him. Equally foolish is he, who, in this transitory life, instead of looking upward and using the means Providence has placed within his reach for his escape from overflowing destruction, spends his precious moments in collecting the little baubles and toys of earth.

On the left is seen one who appears to be gravely philosophizing upon the scene he beholds around him. He realizes that he is standing on a speck of earth, in the midst of a mighty ocean, of which he can neither see the bottom or the shore. He looks backward ; all is dark to his vision ; he looks around him ; all is mysterious and incomprehensible ; forward ; all, all, is thick darkness. He is sensible that the tide of death will soon overflow him and all with whom he is connected ; but will eternal oblivion and forgetfulness be his portion ? Perhaps he thinks so ; but at times the immortal spirit will stir within him and "startle back" at the thought of annihilation. Ah, poor fool ! he turns his back and will not look at the bright chain of God's Providence which so man-

ifestly appears. Perhaps he may try to persuade himself that the chain hangs there by *chance*. He has been told that earth and heaven are connected by it. He professes to see no necessary connection ; he cannot see its beginning, how it is supported on high. He has heard that by it man can be elevated to a heavenly life. This may appear foolishness to him. Perhaps he may think that if man were destined to live hereafter, he would not have been placed on these mortal shores ; or if immortal, it will be in some other mode than that pointed out in the Bible. He is wise in his own conceit. He turns himself from Gods' method of salvation ; refuses to look upward ; continues to reason "in endless mazes lost ;" will not lay hold of the only hope set before him ; he "wonders and perishes" in the overflowing of the mighty waters.

One of the persons on the little island is seen with his eyes turned upward ; his hands are uplifted in thankfulness and adoration. He beholds the bright chain of God's Providential mercy ; he lays hold of the only hope set before him. It is true he can see but a few of the connecting links of the golden chain above, but he fully believes that it is connected with, and sustained by, an Almighty Power above. He has occasional glimpses of the all-seeing eye ; he feels that he is under its supervision. He feels himself encircled, upheld and sustained by Infinite power and love, and rejoices that all things are under the control of a kind Providence.

It is true the Christian may see clouds and darkness above, around, and below him. He may not know why sin, and consequently misery, is suffered to exist in the universe of God. He may not know why he is placed here in the circumstances by which he is surrounded. He weeps often ; it may be to see

how sin has laid waste the works of God; how the wicked often triumph, and the good are crushed into the dust. He may not know the beginning, or origin of God's Providential dealings, how far they reach into this, or other worlds. But notwithstanding the Christian may not be able to fathom these and many other subjects, yet he confides in the Almighty power above. He lays hold of salvation; he is elevated to the regions of eternal light and glory, while his unbelieving companions perish amid the dark rolling waters of the ocean.

The ocean has sometimes been considered as an emblem of eternity, on account of its vast extent, its fathomless depths, and its appearance to human vision oftentimes, as without a bottom or shore. "Eternity," says one, "with respect to God is a duration without beginning or end. With regard to created beings, it is a duration that has a beginning, but will never have an end. It is a duration that excludes all number and computation; days, months, and years, yea and ages, are lost in it like drops in the ocean. Millions of millions of years, as many years as there are sands on the sea-shore, or particles of dust in the globe of the earth, and these multiplied to the highest reach of number, all these are nothing to eternity. They do not bear the imaginable proportion to it, for these will come to an end as certainly as a day; but eternity will never, never, never, come to an end! It is a time without an end! it is an ocean without a shore! Alas! what shall I say of it! it is an infinite, unknown something, that neither human thought can grasp, nor human language describe!" \* \* \*



*Alleluia ! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.—Rev. xix. 6.*

### THE TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY.

'T is come ! 't is come ! The long expected day ;  
 When sin no longer o'er the earth bears sway ;  
 But Truth, triumphant, sheds its mellow light,  
 And all below is clear, and pure, and bright.  
 See Christianity ! the gift of Grace !  
 Receives in form the homage of our race ;

Europa fair, her princely tribute brings,  
 A grateful offering, to the King of kings ;  
 Asia rejects the *Shasters* and the *Sword*,  
 Throws by the *Koran*, and receives the *Word* ;  
 Lo ! Afric breaks her chains of crime and blood,  
 And lowly bending, lifts her hands to God.  
 No more she wages wars for white man's gold—  
 No more she mourns her children bought and sold.  
 See, too, America, with pipe of peace !  
 Comes now to sue for love and heavenly grace ;  
 The tomahawk, and bow, and cruel knife,  
 T' exchange for records of eternal life :  
 "T is come ! 't is come ! the long expected day !  
 Lo ! God has triumphed, Truth divine bears sway ;  
 Lord alleluias heavenly angels sing,  
 For earth renew'd with joy, receives her king.

THE above engraving represents Christianity receiving the homage of the world. In her right hand she holds the crown of immortality ; in her left, the Word of God ; her looks and bearing bespeak grace, dignity, majesty, empire, triumph, and matchless love. Behold *Europe* brings her crown—emblem of power—and lays it meekly at the feet of Christianity. *Asia*, represented by a follower of Mahomet, laying aside the cimeter and the *Koran*, receives with humble adoration, instead thereof, the revelations of God's word. *Africa* is represented by a figure in a kneeling posture ; she has broken off her chains, and is lifting her hands to heaven. *America* is represented by an Indian ; he holds in his hand the calumet or pipe of peace ; he has laid aside the murderous tomahawk, the bow that sprang the arrow of death, and the scalping knife. He buries the hatchet for ever, and offers the emblem of *peace*.

The above is a representation of the final triumph of Christianity over the world—a day long expected by the faithful, even from the time of the first promise. "he shall bruise thy head." That this earth—

this blood-stained earth—should become the scene of triumph, has ever been the hope of the righteous: that here, where was the first defeat, renewed conflict, and continued struggle—here would be, and ought to be, the arena of victory. Exulting in this hope, the prophet touched the sacred harp of prophecy, and sang of “the sufferings of Christ, and of the glory that should follow,” when he would see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied. In this hope Israel’s king prayed, “that thy way may be known upon the earth, and thy saving health among all nations.” Inspired by this hope, martyrs have kissed the stake, embraced the flames, and gone triumphantly home to God; yea, the general assembly of the Church of the first-born—the whole body of the faithful upon earth—in this hope rejoicing, have sent up their prayers continually, which, like intercessory angels surrounding the throne of the Eternal, have prayed, O “let thy kingdom come.”

And now it has come. *Europe* is the Lord’s—she consecrates to God her dominion—her kings and queens are subject to Messiah, and labor to promote the best interests of their people; her people are all righteous—her philosophers having proved all things, hold fast now that which is good; her rich men deposit their wealth in the bank of heaven—her statesmen, studying the politics of both worlds, regard also the interests of both—the poor are raised to competency, to knowledge, and to virtue, and consequent happiness. Her arts and sciences are consecrated to God; her ships of war now sail in the service of the prince of peace—ships of commerce are floating Bethels. The songs of Jesus have succeeded to the songs of Satan, and blasphemies are turned to praise.

“The abundance of the sea is converted to God,” railroads, steamboats, and telegraphs, are all em-

ployed in promoting God's glory, and in benefiting mankind. The Anglo-American race, and others, partake of this triumph ; they have labored for it—they rejoice in it, and say, lo ! this is our God ! we have waited for him, we will rejoice in his salvation.

*Asia* too, is the Lord's ; here, where the conflict first began with sin and death—here the victory is gained. The lion of the tribe of Judah has prevailed—the inhabitants, so long enslaved by despotic creeds, now exercise faith in the Lord Jesus Christ—so long oppressed by systems of superstition and blood, now rejoice under the mild yoke of the Savior, —the Koran and Shasters are exchanged for the Bible—*Juggernaut* for Calvary—*Kalee* for Jesus—*Mahomet* for God. Here now is seen “China without its wall of selfishness—India without its castes—and earth without its curse.” The people are elevated, the nations are united, Jehovah is their King.

*Africa* throws off her load, and breaks her chains, and comes to Jesus—so long crushed and degraded, she has at length arisen—she takes her place again with the nations of the earth, with the redeemed. Ignorance, superstition and slavery, are now no more. Her warfare is past—her mourning is o'er—her long captivity is at an end. Jehovah has triumphed—his children are free.

“ No more Coomassie offers human blood,  
But takes for sacrifice the Lamb of God,  
And on Siberia's long contested ground,  
A living army of the cross is found.  
The gospel tree so ample and so pure,  
Bears precious fruit ; its leaves the nations cure ;  
Its healing influence to Loango spreads ;  
Angola feels it, and health's blossoms sheds,  
And where Cimbebas no fresh water brings,  
Life's fountains bubble in a thousand springs.  
Korana's shepherds now Christ's flock become,  
And Bosheman's Kraals are changed to home, sweet home,

Good Hope has added Faith and humble Love ;  
The Cross has triumphed ! praise to God above."

*America*, the whole of the western world, rejoices in the light of the glorious Sun of Righteousness—the islands of the sea wait for Jehovah's law—the Indian tribes obey his word, and hail him their Almighty Lord. The tomahawk, and scalping knife, and other weapons of war and blood, are exchanged for the olive branch—for the war-whoop is now heard the sound of the "church-going bell," greeting the Sabbath morning—the disciple of the Pope has become the disciple of Jesus, and laying aside all superstition, he worships the Lord his God, and him *only* does he serve. The dispersed of the seed of Abraham, the "scattered and peeled" among the nations, have looked upon him "they pierced." The winds of heaven have blown upon the valley of dry bones—they have revived—they have come forth out of their graves, and seizing every one the banner of his tribe, have hastened to join the army of Messiah.

Hail ! happy day ! Jesus the Conqueror reigns—the song of triumph resounds—island answers to island—continent to continent—world to world ;—earth, with all its voices—heaven, with all its harps, resound, "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his anointed, and he shall reign for ever and ever ; alleluia ! alleluia ! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth"—"he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new !"

Even now, the Spirit is moving on the face of the human chaos—fiat after fiat goes forth, and what light breaks in on the darkness of ages—what mighty masses of humanity are uplifting themselves in solemn majesty, like primitive mountains rising from the deep—what more than verdant beauty

clothes the moral landscape ; how gloriously dawns the Sabbath of the world ! Where is now the midnight gloom of darkness and idolatry ?—The desolation and misery attendant on sin ? We look and listen, but no reign of darkness, no habitation of cruelty, no sound of anguish remains. The will of God is done on earth, as it is done in heaven !—the nations own no other law, and hence their aspect is that of a happy family. The Church aims at no other end, and hence all her members are invested with the garments of salvation, and with the robes of praise. The world is bathed in the light of peace and purity, and love.

Inanimate nature itself partakes of the general joy. To the eye of the renewed man it exhibits a beauty unknown before, and to his ear it brings lessons of surpassing wisdom. The trees wave with gladness, and the floods clap their hands ; the light of the moon is as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun is seven fold. Over the scene, the morning stars sing together, and the sons of God shout for joy ; while the divine Creator himself, complacently beholds it, and proclaims it good.

THE END.

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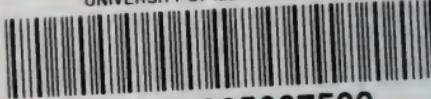








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